

BOTH SIDES
OF THE
GUTTER,
OR, THE
HUMOURS OF THE REGENCY.
CONTAINING EVERY THING
WITTY AND HUMOUROUS
PUBLISHED DURING THE
PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES IN IRELAND
ON THAT
SUBJECT.

Et vitula tu dignus et hic. VIRG.

THIRD EDITION.

With considerable additions.

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T H E
R A T S;
A B A L L A D,

To the Tune of—"CHEVY-CHACE."

I.

G O D succour soon our noble King,
And keep us faithful all;
A base desertion did of late,
In *College-Green* befall.

II.

Fierce G — n made a dreadful vow,
Proud *Buckingham* to fight,
Whose matchless power had oft before,
Distress'd this little wight.

III.

And thrice he wound his bugle horn,
His horn both loud and shrill,
The Rats came trooping to his pipe,
Obedient to his will.

IV.

From *Tipperary's* fertile fields,
Came C — n, brisk and keen,
Well skill'd to aim the shaft conceal'd,
But bad in fight I ween.

B

V. Next

V.

Next floating on a dung-boat came,
 Along the Grand Canal,
 With *W-lfe*, and *B-gh*, and *C-ly*,
 The Lord High Admiral.

VI.

In all the pomp of Eastern pride,
 He grimly ey'd the flood,
 And rul'd with arbitrary sway,
 The boatmen as he stood.

VII.

Then from his dark monastic cell,
 With harmless cannons grac'd,
 Crept forth ecclesiastic *B-ne*,
 In legal armour cas'd.

VIII.

His spear was of that gander's quill,
 That sav'd the capitol,
 A parchment helmet too he wore,
 To save his paper skull.

IX.

His shield was form'd of many sheets,
Of Puffendorf de Jure,
 His gorget was of Grotius too,
 To guard the little Fury.

X.

Then sneaking came great *G-G*—
 And some of small renown,
 Bold *G-n* saw, and sadly soon
 He cast his eyes adown.

XI.

But quick with happy thoughts inspir'd,
 He starts and cries aloud,
 Let those who now for pensions sigh,
 With haste come join the crowd.

XII. Leave

XII.

Leave foolish *Buckingham* for me,
And to my standard run,
Haste to salute the rising Day,
Forfake the setting Sun.

XIII.

Those that have places shall have more,
And those that have not, shall,
And those who like it have their fill,
Of jobbing and cabal.

XIV.

These words with mighty influence wrought;
On Bald Sir John the Paviour,
Who would for thirty pence again
Betray his Lord and Saviour.

XV.

He soon, for moderation sure,
Is not in him inherent,
Hurl'd Paving-stones and channel-dirt,
Upon the King's Vicegerent.

XVI.

He talk'd of jobbing, and what not,
'Till *Harcourt's* Ghost appear'd,
His shroud with Icicles was hung,
And eke his silver beard.

XVII.

The Paviour shrunk, his blood was chill'd,
But *Harcourt* still came nigher;
'Till to remove the deadly cold,
He rak'd the Soldier's fire.

XVIII.

Falſe *L-f-s* came and *P-f-y*,
But who'd expect to find,
A ſteadineſs in Men who live,
By watching of the Wind.

XIX.

Then *Gervais* turn'd, tho' at the Act,
Nunc meminisse borret;
 Yet long he beat the Bush about,
 To find a Reason for it.

XX.

Then shifted Jack, for learning fam'd,
 I mean old Jack the Prancer,
 Who tho' the gout has cramp'd his toes,
 Is still a noble dancer.

XXI.

G—e, Og—e too, who ne'er before,
 A thought of baseness harbour'd,
 Now hid his face, then veer'd about,
 And station'd on the larboard.

XXII.

Then lofty buskin'd *L—*—*she* too,
 Reign'd Pegasus about,
 Tho' gorg'd with Favours late receiv'd,
 Yet join'd in *G—n's* Rout,

XXIII.

But why should I of private Men,
 Take thus superfluous notice,
 When those in trust and confidence,
 Thought fit to act the Proteus?

XXIV.

When *Sb—n* and his light Dragoons,
 And *L—r* and his brothers,
 Left *Buckingham* to save himself,
 And went to join the others.

XXV.

But faithful *John Fitzgibbon* stay'd,
 To help his Royal Master;
Kilwarlin, Mason, Beresford,
 Disdain'd to set the Daftard.

XXVI. And

XXVI.

And thus I pray that our good King
May be in health e'er long,
To starve those Rats that fled the Ship,
And so I end my song.

THE HOPES OF THE PARTY,

A NEW SONG,

To the tune of "Goostrum Foo," &c.

OF late we were all stout and hearty,
Because of the state of our King ;
But alas ! all the hopes of the party
Are fled, what a terrible thing ?
Sing goostrum, &c.

Where now is his Honour the Master ?
Oh ! he's gone on a message to Wales ;
If he can he'll avoid a disaster,
No matter which party prevails.
Sing goostrum, &c.

We much fear that all hopes of promotion,
Must now be foregone by his Grace ;
Since by failure of party commotion,
He has mis'd a Vice Treasurer's place.
Sing goostrum, &c.

The poor Duke of Armagh's high ambition,
Must lie for a while on the shelf ;
For his friends, we lament their condition,
Since he can't e'en provide for himself.
Sing goostrum, &c.

L—d L——s, the f——r, the scoff is,
 Of all where his conduct is known ;
 He, for Peerage, or Pension, or office,
 Would vote e'en Old Nick on the Throne.
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

As for S—— since e'er we have known him,
 His friendship we all disavow ;
 E'en his father himself wou'd disown him,
 Cou'd he peep from his lodgings below.
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

Th' insatiate ambition of Harry,
 A desperate check now attends ;
 And since ev'ry point he can't carry,
 He'll vent all his spleen on his friends.
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

Let Brunswick, however, beware, Sir,
 His ire, (tho' she sits on the Throne) ;
 Since our Hal has thought fit to declare, Sir,
 That his title's as good as her own,
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

As for P——y's fruitless endeavour,
 To grasp all the pow'r in the realm ;
 The party will certainly never
 Submit, to see him at the helm.
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

Brother Georgy succeed to Fitzgibbon,
 L——e M——r—is fill Beresford's place,
 Joey H——re get a star and a ribbon,
 And *himself* go in state with the mace.
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

There's B——e that foul-mouth'd old sinner,
 His jobs must be all brought to light ;
 For in spite of his margaux and dinner.
 Each guest will forsake the bald Knight,
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

Pert C——n, that great gladiator,
 Wish'd to wear the Solicitor's gown ;
 But now the poor pitiful prater,
 Must e'en be content with his own.
 Sing goosfrum, &c.

G—y B——e, C—ff, and L——e, and H—tt—n,
 Have run on the wrong side the post,
 Let us see if their friend Harry G—tt—n,
 Will make up to them what they have lost.
 Sing goosfrum, &c.

Tho' this change of all hope has bereft us,
 Let us not our endeavours forego,
 There is still one expedient left us,
 So let's try what Round Robin can do.
 Sing goosfrum, &c.

But if every attempt to keep places
 Should fail, and we're all turn'd out,
 'Twill be time then to lengthen our faces,
 'Till then push the jorum about.
 Sing goosfrum, &c.

THE AMBASSADORS EXTRAORDINARY.

A S O N G.

I.

TH' Ambassadors proud of their office so great,
 Over the wat'ry wave,
 Th' Ambassadors proud of their office so great,
 In the Duchefs of Rutland set sail for Parkgate,
 With their haily, gaily, gamboraily, rumbling, tumbling,
 jumbling, fumbling, over the wa'try wave.

II. The

II.

They came to his Highness dress'd out in new cloths,
Over the wat'ry wave,
Having practis'd a week for to turn out their Toes,
With their haily, &c.

III.

Then they bow'd and they scrap'd with obedience so low,
Over the wat'ry wave,
You'd think they were taking off Punch in the show,
With their haily, &c.

IV.

Please your Highness, our nation so loyal and true,
Over the wat'ry wave,
As Regent, unfetter'd, has bid us greet you,
With our haily, &c.

V.

And we scorn for to limit a Prince that's so good,
Over the wat'ry wave,
For whom we are ready to forfeit our blood,
With our haily, &c.

VI.

For your friends you may now provide with great ease,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And we'll pay any absentee pensions you please,
With our haily, &c.

VII.

Quoth the Prince, my good people, you're now come too late,
Over the wat'ry wave,
My Father is well, and is ruling the state,
With our haily, &c.

VIII.

Tell poor Irish Paddy, I'm much to him bound,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And ungrateful, I trust, I shall never be found.
For his haily, &c.

IX. But

IX.

But as matters are now, you must doubtless submit,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And court the Lieutenant, sent over by Pitt.
With a haily, &c.

X.

But fly now from hence, and get out of his pow'r,
Over the wat'ry wave,
For fear that he sends you all six to the Tow'r,
For your haily, &c.

XI.

Quoth the Duke to himself, we have done a *wife* thing,
Over the wat'ry wave,
I wish I had never deserted my King,
With my haily, &c.

XII.

Quoth C—l—t's peer, they will rail, and they'l laugh,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And I fear I shall never be Duke of Armagh,
For my haily, &c.

XIII.

I find, says Tom Turf, we're come after the fair,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And Billy must lose the Post-office and Chair,
For my haily, &c.

XIV.

I'll return says O'Neal, since the King has his own,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And Presbyter Jemmy set out for Tyrone,
With his haily, &c.

XV.

So the bulls they came back all with fleas in their ears,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And here they'll remain for our gibes and our jeers,
For their haily, &c.

A COMICAL NEW
B A L L I D,

CALL'D BY WAY OF ITS TITLE,
DE LAW OF DE LYE,
O R,
LARRY CUT DOWN.

DE night dat poor Larry was strecht,
De boys were all gedder'd about him,
And when in de dirt he was ketch'd,
Oh! how de young black-guards did flout him!
De lad was as full as a tick,
Of de gall he brought over from London,
Dat damn'd second-hand gall made him sick,
And t'was den dat poor Larry was undone.
Because why his nurse was so foul.

At first de sweet youth he was shy,
But when dat the jaw it run higher,
He gave little Harry de lye,
"By de Peter," says he, "you're a liar."
Den Harry looked round at de House,
While de Members all wish'd for to back him;
As if Larry was only a louse,
Dat would dirty his nails for to crack him.
For Larry he look'd rather finall

Den Sandy so sweet and so bluff,
Came and frown'd like de Divle by Larry;
Whereupon, in a giffy, Jem Cusse,
Brought his bum to an anchor near Harry.

Says

Says Jemmy, dear Hal, 'tis a farce,
 Give de boy but his twine, and don't mind him ;
 In his face I'll soon shew you his arse,
 Oh ! his sweet arse won't stay long behind him ;
 For Sandy will bring it about.

Den up got the pavier so stout,
 With his face both behind and before him,
 And made de poor young man to pout,
 Oh ! you'd grieve for to see how he tore him.
 Sir Lucius den stird up de next,
 And de point of de priv'lege he handled ;
 Den he took up—and laid down de text,
 Den he smil'd—den his bonnet he dandled ;
 Den left de point just where he found it.

De Pro—st den rose in his place,
 For to give to de House informat'on ;
 He said 'twas a wonderful case,
 De most wonderful in de whole nat'on.
 As for Larry, says he, I'm his friend,
 But, by G—d, to de best of my knowledge,
 Unless those bad manners he'll mend,
 He'll be flung out by Frank from de College ;
 And dat sure would be a sad ting.

Den Sandy flooped down to his ear,
 And said something dat made him look paler,
 As if de damn'd gibbet was near,
 And de neck-cloth was brought by de jailer.
 But Jacky Fitzgibbons so grave,
 When he saw the boy all were so hard on,
 Dear Larry says he for to save
 Your sweet life, you must tip dem de pardon,
 And double de grill upon Sandy.

Den he pop't up so tall and so pale,
 And good Christians says he in de nat'on,
 I knock under to simple repeal,
 And I here make my renunciati'n :

Nor no longer poor Larry detain'd,
For he thought de rogues still at his crupper,
And when dat de College he gained,
He parceived he'd made room for his supper,
For his sweet a—se came back to its duty.

DE KILMAINHAM BALLID.

I.

THOUGH I *would* look *big and jolly*,
Still I left to cry alone!
Divil take me for my folly,
Not to let the hacks alone!

Tirollee, tiralliddy,
Tirollee, tirollee,
Not forgetting teerellady, &c.

II.

Oh they had nearly done my bishness,
Tho' I talk'd so big and stout—
All but far the *convalescence*
Soon I must have—soap'd my snout!

Tirollol.

III.

Tittle-tattle, lie, and twaddle,
Lie and twaddle all the day!
Who'll defend my a—se and noddle,
When they get me *hence* away?

Tirollol.

IV.

Harvey Aston, Billy Cotton,
You're the lads were full of tricks;
I thought I was as dead as mutton,
When I danc'd *between two sticks*!

Tirollol.

V. *There*

V.

There I am a simple M—q—s,
Here I must *contrive* to stay—
Lord have mercy on my carcass !
Amen ! let Lewellyn say !
Tirollol,
Not forgetting—Mary Neal.

VI.

Fetch and carry, lie, and twaddle,
Lie and twaddle all the day !
Had I brains as much as—noddle,
More I'd *do*, and less I'd *say*.
Tirollol.

VII.

* Crowd ye ! crowd ye ! crowd ye ! crowd ye !
Crowd ye to me ! STILL I say !
But—(if the *crowd* would let me *softly*),
I'd *crowdee* soon *myself* away.
Dirollol, tirollidy, tirollol, tirollee—
Tirollol, and tirollee—too !—likewise !
And quite forgetting tirolliddy.

VIII.

Place and pension to *each* Member,
And “ good sir ! pray make no doubt ! ”
But each promise to remember——
Cocker could not—make them out !
Tirollol.

Friends I've made—by lies and flutter,
But they were not staunch or—clean !
They chang'd sides across the gutter,
And the gutter——lies between !
Tirollol “ quick and ready,”
Tirollol, “ see me, see ! ”
Tirollol, I'm sturdy,
Tirolleddy !—one—two—three !

X. Against

X.

Against Caulfield and Fitzgerald,
Nightmen all shall make me sport,
 From the gutter (or the garret)
 They, by G—d shall fling the—dirt.
 Tirollol.

Crowd ye! crowd ye! crowd ye!
 Crowd ye! crowd ye! *still* I say—
 Had I *twenty more* of crowdy,
 Oh! then I'd *bilk*, and—run away!

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER WE GIVE

IRISH WONDERS!!!

‘ THOSE Gentlemen who may wish to have a sight of
 ‘ the SIX VERY CURIOUS ANIMALS that are just land-
 ‘ ed from IRELAND, are respectfully informed that their stay
 ‘ in the METROPOLIS will be very short. They are ef-
 ‘ teemed by all those who have seen them, as the greatest
 ‘ living curiosities—the MONSTROUS CRAWLS not ex-
 ‘ cepted. They are to be shewn to His ROYAL HIGH-
 ‘ NESS the PRINCE of WALES, to whom they are to
 ‘ pay their compliments; and after that they may be seen by
 ‘ the public.’

‘ Admittance, a Thirteener each person.’

‘ Character peeps out at small openings.—When Charles
 ‘ XII was assassinated, his right hand went insensibly upon
 ‘ his *sword hilt*! When the Duke of Bedford heard of the
 ‘ *Irish ambassadors* arrival, both his hands fell upon his *breech-*
 ‘ *es pockets*!’

‘ *Foreign Ambassadors Allowance*.—If Extraordinary, they
 ‘ have 8l. a day—if not, 5l.—In regard to the *Irish ambassa-*
 ‘ *dors*, they certainly are *Foreign* to the whole matter—and
 ‘ who can say they are not *Extraordinary*?’

‘ The

‘ The ardour of political contest is at length giving way to
 ‘ pleasanter things. *Extraordinary* Gentlemen from Ireland
 ‘ have been invited every where—to the private concerts,
 ‘ &c. of Lord EXETER, Lord BUCKINGHAM, &c. and
 ‘ the *Irish Howl* is now every where to be heard !”

‘ The *Irish Howl* was the only omission at Miss HAM-
 ‘ MILTON’s splendid concert. In every other respect, it
 ‘ was very complete.’

SIX AMAZING IRISH BULLS.

‘ These *Curious Animals* are to be seen from ten in the
 ‘ morning till five o’clock in the afternoon, at which time
 ‘ they go to feed.

‘ The *Old Bull*, who is called the *Duke*, from being
 ‘ bred in a *Duke’s Park*, is truly worth seeing. At the word
 ‘ of command, you may make him *cross over* and *change*
 ‘ *sides*, as naturally as a Christian ; and he is so docile, will
 ‘ *take any thing from any body*. The other BULLS are equal-
 ‘ ly curious—and merit the attention of the public.”

‘ If any body should be inclined to purchase them before
 ‘ they leave LONDON they may be had a bargain’

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

I.

IN good King GEORGE’s *golden* days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 All Castle Measures I did praise,
 And so I got preferment :
 To teach my sons I took great pains,
 How many blessings spring,
 That place and pensions were the gains,
 Of following the King.

C H O R U S.

And this is law I will maintain
 As far as I can see, Sir ;
 That whatsoever party reign,
 A *Placeman* I will be, Sir.

II. But

II.

But if the *P—e* obtain the Crown,
And *Poper*y come in fashion,
The Church of England I'll hoot down,
And read my Recantation.
The Church of Rome will well agree
With *College* Constitution ;
And Fellows all shall Jesuits be,
Spite of the Revolution.

C H O R U S .

And this is law I will maintain,
As far as I can see, Sir :
That whatsoever party reign,
A *Placeman* I will be, Sir.

III.

And as the *P—ce* they have declar'd,
And *F—x's* Party lead,
With this new wind about I've veer'd,
And joined the *RATS* with speed :
All promises I quickly broke,
Set Conscience at a distance,
But sure no party I forsook,
While they could make resistance.

C H O R U S .

And this is law I will maintain
As far as I can see, Sir,
That whatsoever party reign,
A *Placeman* I will be, Sir.

IV.

But if Will *P—t* shall be the man,
And threaten to revenge,
I'll be the first to join his clan,
And speedily will change :
I never was to party staunch,
Nor never will, I vow, Sir ;
With each strong party I will launch,
And never will be true, Sir.

C H O R U S .

C H O R U S.

And this is law I will maintain,
 As far as I can see, Sir ;
 That whatsoever party reign,
 A *Placeman* I will be, Sir.

V.

Who'er in Pudding Times comes o'er,
 For moderate Men get nought, Sir,
 Tho' much I have I'll still ask more,
 They ne'er got who ne'er fought, Sir ;
 And thus Preferment I've procur'd,
 By Government supporting ;
 The *Setting* Sun I've still abjur'd,
 The *rising* still am courting.

C H O R U S.

And this is law I will maintain,
 As far as I can see, Sir ;
 That whatsoever party reign,
 A *Placeman* I will be, Sir.

VI.

To George the Third of Hanover,
 And *Protestant* Succession ;
 To these I do Allegiance swear,
 While they can keep Possession ;
 For in my Faith and Loyalty,
 I never more will faulter ;
 And he my Lawful King shall be,
 Untill the Times shall alter.

C H O R U S.

And this is law, I will maintain,
 As far as I can see, Sir,
 That whatsoever party reign,
 A *Placeman* I will be, Sir.

D

INCANTATION

INCANTATION FOR RECOVERY,

A P O E M;

PERFORMED BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS AT
WESTMINSTER.

1st WITCH.

THRICE the Doctors have been heard,

2d WITCH.

Thrice the Mouse's hour conferr'd.

3d WITCH.

Thrice has Sidney cock'd his Chin,
Jacky cries,—begin,—begin.

1st WITCH.

Round about the Cauldron go,
In the full Ingredients throw ;
Still-born Fætus born and bred,
In a Lawyer's puzzl'd head,
Nurs'd by metaphysic Scott,
Boil them in th' enchanted Pot.

A L E.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Free-born and Cauldron bubble.

2d WITCH.

Scull that holds the finall remains
Of old Camden's addle brains ;
Lover of the Lilly hue,
Which in R——d's carcase grew.
Tears which stealing down his cheek,
Of the rugg'd Thurlow speak ;
All the poignant grief he feels,
For his Sovereign — or the Seals ;
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.

Double, double, &c.

3d WITCH.

Clipping of Corinthian brags,
From the visage of Dundas,
Forged Address devised by Rose,
Half of Pepper Arden's nose ;
Smuggled Vote of City Thanks,
Promise of insidious Banks ;
Add a grain of Rolle's courage,
To inflame the hellish porrage.

1st WITCH.

Cool it with Lord Kenyon's blood ;
Now the charm is firm and good.

A L L.

Double, double, &c.

Enter HECATE.

Oh, well done,—I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.

Cauldron bubble, &c.

A NEW SONG,

To the Tune of—" The Priest of the Parish."

As it is sung in all polite Circles.

I.

DID you hear that the M——has now got enough of it !
Cause he wou'd not let poor Paddy alone.
Tho' he *flutter'd* and storm'd he could never make stuff of it.
Able to raise Billy Pitt to the throne.

II

When once our good King, whom the Lord soon recover !
By sickness was render'd to govern unfit,
Sly Fitz and the M——wou'd give us no other,
But rule us themselves in conjunction with Pitt.

D 2

III. F—bon

III.

F—bon declar'd, we cou'd never more need a king,
(Who like F—bon is bold to declare !)
For with *Gold, Brass and Wax* he could make you as good a thing
—For the *Seals* or the *Scaffold* no man bids so fair.—

IV.

Now just in the nick, while the Lawyers were prating,
And Prince George and King William at issue were met,
To save the House time and fatigue in debating,
The crafty K——lin produced his Gazette.

V

This Gazette said our monarch was better than ever,
To govern his People once more he was fit,
Here and there a *flout* Member began for to waver—
Take his a-se in his hand, and walk over to Pitt.

VI.

John T—r declared since he found the King mending—
He ne'er would desert him—to forfeit his place—
But slyly told *Dan*, since on none there's depending.
To take t'other side, and dance down face to face.

VII.

Then Isaac struck up on both sides of the gutter,
Now praises the prince,—now the M——is's Grace,—
Who'er has the loaf shall be sure of his butter,
He sings for all parties, tho' still in his place.

VIII

And now the P——e S——nt that politic shaver,
Both sides having founded, both sides to betray,
As a friend to the M—s, said *nought* in his favour ;
As a friend to the Prince, in the *nick* stay'd away.

IX.

But let him take care, lest too subtle his cunning,
Who trusts to no party no Party'll befriend,—
Betwixt his two stools with his shuffling and doubling,
Once more the poor S——nt may come to his *end*.

X. Now

X.

Now B——rd sneer'd, and again thought to carve-on
 His Waterford jobs, and make *Goddy* look small ;
 Make a Custom-house borough, and send to Dungarvon
 Its carpenters, bricklayers ; guagers, and all.

XI.

But, oh ! M——s of B——m ; leave of these politics,
 And give poor Grattan his own bit of game !
 For if he should catch you again at your dirty tricks,
 Hervey Aston himself shan't secure you from shame.

A S O N G.

PRINCE Royal ! Prince Royal !

I hope you enjoy all

The heart felt and pure satisfaction

Which must rise in a breast

That has been so distressed,

As your's—for a Father's distraction

Tol de rol.

Duke of York ! Duke of York !

At a Girl or a Bock

Your excellence always may shine ;

But to meddle with State,

Ill becomes such a Pate,

A Pate that's as giddy as thine.

Tol de rol.

Mr. Fox ! Mr. Fox !

How my feeling it shocks,

To hear of your dreadful mishap ;

By the Prince you are left,

Of his favour bereft,

Ah ! Reynard you're caught in the trap.

Tol de rol.

Mr.

Mr. Burke ! Mr. Burke !
 You have made a damn'd work,
 Your pension is now gone to pot ;
 For what man would keep
 Any longer a sheep
 Which alas ! is eat up with the rot ?
 Tol de rol.

Lord of Law ! Lord of Law !
 You'll be now kept in awe,
 No longer for Proteus you'll pass,
 You'll no longer change shape
 Into Owl or an Ape,
 But are fix'd now for ever an Afs.
 Tol de rol.

T H E P A R T Y.

A N E W S O N G.

I.

CROM-A-BOO, Crom-a-boo,
 No one wonders that you,
 Should desert, with your squad mercenary ;
 You support men in pow'r,
 But change the next hour,
 They are out, like a venal Canary.

II.

To gain R—b—y's place,
 Your obsequious Grace,
 To Buckingham's closet quick run ;
 But should he go out,
 Why you've veer'd about
 And will bask in the new rising fun.

III.

L—d L ——— s, L—d L ——— s,
 Your head large and soft is,
 And not much overloaded with brain,
 Your a vile sulky mule,
 Between knave and fool,
 And your name's on the peerage a stain.

IV.

You a beggar of late,
On a sudden grew great,
By E—y's great bounty and will ;
A peerage you got,
But what of all that,
You remain the same dirty dog still.

V.

The P—y's own
The best gifts of the crown,
And give their support 'till its wanted,
But if Fox does prevail,
Why they soon turn tail,
And their former opinion's recanted.

VI.

But if Gregory should be
The king's attorney,
How quickly he'd money bills draw ;
No motion could harrafs,
No changes embarrass
So great an adept in the law.

VII.

Post Office Comptroller,
You street-walking stroller,
Your heart is as black as your face ;
If you mean to betray
Do tell me I pray,
Why from Bucks you accepted a place ?

VIII.

There's fat bellied C—tt—r,
And Bob the bog-trotter,
Who whip in L—d S—n's light troop ;
With C—nn—y that quizz,
And T—d's dull phizz,
Sure never was seen such a group.

IX. You

IX.

You silly old goat !
 At your age to turn coat !
 In hopes of a seat on the bench ;
 But O'N—ll were you there,
 Your brethren for fear,
 Would quit it you'd raise such a stench.

X.

Pot walloping G—n,
 'Mongst the first rats was seen,
 To swim from the vessel when sinking ;
 Next down the sides crawl'd,
 A black rat that's as bald,
 Easy known by his dirt and his stinking.

XI.

You renegade Swifts
 Ever ready to kiss,
 Of succeeding Viceroy's the posteriors :
 There's an end to your jobbing,
 So now fall a mobbing,
 And loading with dirt your superiors.

XII.

Your paving cabals,
 And your jobs for canals,
 Are lost beyond all redemption ;
 And believe me no more
 Will you get for your *whore*,
 Miss B—y another large pension.

XIII.

Hal G——n denies
 To the King the supplies,
 Because that he now is much better ;
 His hopes he gives o'er,
 Of half a plumb more,
 To purchase estates *by Kings letter*.

XIV. Shall

XIV.

Shall Lifford pretend
 With Hall to contend,
 Or Earlsfort his law doctrine dispute :
 They're illegal he'll cry,
 Or flatly deny,
 Opinions he cannot refute.

XV.

Addreses of course
 Of laws shall have force,
 While Hal and his party are strong ?
 But they must soon fail,
 For truth will prevail,
 In spite of this time-serving throng.

THE ANSWER TO THE
 IRISH AMBASSADORS.

YOUR duty to the King is great,
 As all mankind must see ;
 And though you are come a day too late,
 You are welcome still to me.

You'll guess what want of speech conceals,
 As Irish men should do,
 You'll guess my understanding feels,
 My heart remembers too.

You take a different line I see,
 From England and oppose her ;
 But well I know you disagree
 To make the union closer.

As to the rest of your address
 I know not what to do ;
 I fear tis treason to say YES,
 I'm loth to answer No.

E

Should

Should he relapse indeed, I might
 Accept the Irish sway ;
 But that I cannot learn to night,
 So, come another day.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY !!

In a few days will be published,—*The natural history of Rats*, wherein the various species of this wonderful Animal will be fully explained and delineated ; with curious observations on their ears and tails, their colour and smell—Remarkable instances will be related of their sagacity and cunning, their timidity, their treachery, their despair, and their combinations for securing themselves against danger, and guarding their provisions when attacked by an enemy.

D E F I N I T I O N S

applicable to the times, and a former majority.

Irish loyalty.—Snatching the Crown from the King's head and putting it on his son's.

Irish spirit.—Kissing a Lord Lieutenant's b—h when in power and kicking it when out of power.

Irish fidelity.—Adhering to a man whilst he can serve you, and deserting him when he can no longer be of use to you.

Irish gratitude.—Refusing the reversion of an employment to a great man's brother, who *effectual'y established* the legislative independance of the country, and giving 50, 000l. to a little gentleman for *botching* the business.

Irish consistency.—Making illuminations for the King's illness, and then making illuminations for his recovery.

Irish Quixotism.—Crouching to an adversary armed and in his saddle, and furiously attacking him when prostrate and defenceless.

A SONG

A S O N G.

I.

COME listen to me, you political throng.
 'Bout a *Fox* and a *Monkey* I'll sing you a song ;
 Some folks had thrown *Pug* half a plumb for his tricks,
 When *Reynard* brush'd to'ards him, his friendship to fix.
 Derry down, &c.

II.

As great as two pick-pockets soon they became,
 Serv'd each other's purpose for profit or game ;
 But as *Pug* in his pranks chanc'd to cross a great *Flood*,
 He was fous'd to the skin, and sunk deep in the mud.
 Derry down, &c.

III.

Keen *Reynard* laugh'd sily, but lugg'd him a shore,
 The *Country Bystanders* set up a loud roar ;
Pug rail'd at this flood, but the splashing he got,
 So stuck to his skin ; that 'tis said he must rot.
 Derry down &c.

IV.

The *Kingly old Lion* one day being sick,
 Says *Reynard* to *Pug*, 'gad we'll play him a trick :
 For you shall persuade all the *beasts* that you know,
 His *Viceroy* to bang, and his power to o'erthrow.
 Derry down, &c.

V.

To worry this *Viceroy*, bears, badgers, and cats,
 United with cur-dogs, and treacherous rats ;
 But like a true *maffiff* as faithful as brave,
 The *Viceroy* made battle, his *Monarch* to save.
 Derry down, &c.

VI.

The countrymen soon interfer'd in the fray,
 Nay some honest *Parson*, cried out for fair play.
 The *Lion's* recover'd and all the woods ring,
 With down *Fox* and *Monkey* and *God save the King*.
 Derry down, &c.

A' N E W S O N G.

To the tune of "Goostrum Foo," &c.

I WAS once very high up in favour,
But now I am tumbled down low ;
I was once thought the country's great saviour,
But now I'm consider'd its foe.

Sing goostrum, &c. &c.

Well knowing the chance of contention,
The empire I strove to divide ;
Fitzgibbon saw thro' my intention,
And Parsons did tell me I ly'd.

Sing goostrum, &c &c.

Young Beresford he too did slight me—
Kilwarlin ill-us'd me also ;
Tho' none of them all did affright me
But Parsons—for he made a blow !

Sing goostrum, &c. &c.

Oh ! I feel most of all the disgrace, Sir,
To be join'd with B—and some more ;
These fellows, ungrateful and base, Sir,
Who'll desert—as they had done before.

Sing goostrum, &c. &c.

But I hope like Sempronius's friends, Sir,
They'll be hang'd for not having success—
Tho' I us'd them to answer my ends, Sir,
I despised them nevertheless.

Sing goostrum, &c. &c.

THE E M B A S S Y.

FROM Dublin's fam'd city to your Highness we came,
To present this Address in the Parliament's name ;
The Lords and the Commons in Council full met ;
Here a silence ensu'd, for the Duke did forget

The

The rest of the speech, which the night they did part,
 Harry Grattan had begg'd him to get well by heart ;
 And which save and except, when quite sick on the sea,
 He had done nothing but read both by night and by day.
 The Prince in a moment saw what was the case,
 And kindly repli'd, " I'm oblig'd to your grace,
 And the Lords and the Commons"—but let me entreat,
 E'er an answer I give, a few days you will wait.
 The meaning of which, sure no man can mistake,
 " That the Duke should get better, the speech he'd to make."
 The days he must stay, are computed at nine—
 As his friends all allow him—a day for each line.
 When retir'd their chagrin they could not conceal ;
 We are jockey'd says 'Turf—Blood' nounds ! says O'neil ;
 He told me says Stuart, he had it quite pat—
 For I begg'd he would put it—in the crown of his hat.

A S O N G,

I.

I'M a snarling young fellow from sweet Tipperary,
 I came on the city—to practise the Law ;
 So lively so funny, so brisk and so airy ;
Ogb the devil o'the *likes* of me ever you saw.
 For years I have been at the Bar and the Senate,
 In hopes, by my barking, some good thing to get,
 Some pension, or place, Sir,
 But hard is my case, Sir,
 For *bell to the music* they've offered me yet.

Sing round about, turn about, change about *Robin*,
 Sing hey for the *Robin* combin'd 'gain the king ;
 Sing hey for the lads that keep brawling and jobbing,
 Of *Janus* and *Prancer*—let ev'ry one sing.

II. My

II.

My dad like myself in the law was concern'd,
 A Bailiff he was and 'tis very well known ;
 From him all the practical branches I learn'd,
 But as to the theory as yet I have none.
 For years I have been at &c.

III.

But now by our jobbing we've got a *Round Robin*,
 But I've laid a scheme that I think cannot fail ;
 I beg you won't tell 'm but faith I will sell 'm,
 Just so I serv'd Longfield, and Lord Doneraile.
 For years I have been at, &c.

IV.

Mr. G——I'm the member for B——I,
 And paid for the same a five hundred pound bill,
 Which in ninety-one days must surely come round,
 So something for me must be instantly found :
 'Tis true I'm not famous for speaking or writing,
 But damn me, my lad, but I'm famous for fighting.
 The *Robin* much wanted a man of my sort,
 For courage, I take it, is not quite their forte.

THE TICKLER,—No. I.

The ORATOR—an EPIGRAM.

IS it to argue—reason, or declaim,
 To prop a falling country—or court fame,
 That Major H——t rises in debate
 Upon the weighty matters of the State ?
 Ah ! no—'tis not to reason or declaim
 To prop a falling country—or court Fame,
 That H——t rises—'tis as each eye seeth,
But just to GRIN and shew his pretty TEETH.

The

The METAMORPHOSE.

S—e B——d the Usher once held his black-rod,
 And could usher their worships with most graceful nod,
 In the L—s and the C——ns with duty he'd range,
 But the magic of party has wrought a sad change ;
 His BLACK-ROD thrown by, a WHITE GOOSE QUILL
 he handles !
 And USHERS us nothing but all sorts of SCANDALS !
 And quitting his WALK his range is diurnal,
 To libel all worth—in the CASTLE'S BRIB'D JOURNAL

IRISH REVIEW—1789.

*Rome and her Rats are at the point of battle,
 The one side must have bane.*

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

AT an æra when this country has re-asserted its independence—when commerce has rapidly encreased and with the augmentation of wealth has introduced luxury and elegance ; would it not be a national reproach were not literature to meet with suitable encouragement ? The experience of our sister country has demonstrated the obvious tendency of fair and candid criticism, to the advancement of letters. The English Reviews have introduced to public observation many an effort of modest genius which might otherwise have “ blushed unseen, wasting its sweetness on the desert air ;” while the former reprehensions of their unbiassed strictures have repressed many a futile sally of petulance or flagging flight of dulness. With similar pursuits and from similar motives a number of Gentlemen have in this city united for the laudable purpose of anticipating for the public the labour of judgment—to restrain the waste of their studies upon subjects unworthy of their attention, and to obtrude at once upon their view what may reward the pains of research to improve their judgment, and refine their taste by unmasking blemishes and unveiling beauties

ties which might elude the eye of giddy observation. Let not the Mathematician, the Philosopher, the Poet, the Historian, the Divine, fear to approach our bar ; they may repose the most implicit confidence in our impartiality ; and (may we without the imputation of vanity add ?) our judgment. In our society will be found men qualified to decide on every branch of science and Belles Letters. Without further preface the Irish Review introduces itself to a candid public and commences its important functions by a review of the latest publications :

An ELEGIAC EPISTLE on the much lamented recovery of his MAJESTY from JOHN PRANCER to Sir JOHN BLACK-RAT,—Byrne, price 2s. 6d.

Whatever may be our sentiments of the stile and composition of this piece ; we have seldom seen a Poem where grief appears depicted in more natural colouring, nor can any one who peruses it refuse his assent to the sincerity of the author's affliction.—The Epistle opens in a manner devoid of neither elegance nor pathos.

“ At length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
My lab'ring bosom give its sorrows vent ;
I weep till wasted weary woe grows dry,
I mourn till wasted memory is spent.
Ah ! darling object of my tender care,
Must these old eyes behold the disinal scene,
Am I reserv'd a fate so hard to bear,
To see my hopes expire in College Green ?”

The idea of *wasted woe growing dry*, tho' natural, we must admit carries with it an air of vulgarity, excusable when we consider the birth and country of the author. The next stanza is rather trite—We are tired of the cries—the bells—and the lights—and the mention of these circumstances shew more that the author has been deep read in elegy than any marks of natural genius. His address to his dear Blackrat is tender, simple, unaffected ; nor should we wonder at the old veteran's being unable to resist their pathos when reminded of their friendship :

“ We

" We were the happiest pair of human kind,
 In hopes, in fortune ever closely tied ;
 In independence glorious bands combin'd,
 Together fought we faithful side by side.
 Join then with me, my friend, of soul sincere,
 To weep our *Regent lost*, ah ! ever lost,
 Pay him the honest tribute of thy tear,
 Who would have given us butter to our toast.

The last line borders on the ludicrous. The author should have said bread, when the natural simplicity of the idea would have pleased ;—the hard laws of rhyme compelled him to toast. Then follow many stanzas, containing dire imprecations on the heads of the Physicians, particularly on his friend Dr. W—n, who did not prolong the existence of the Regent's life. This is by far the most objectionable part of the whole poem : This angry resentment ill accords with these tints of soft melancholy which pervade the rest of the piece. After this comes a beautiful stroke of self-pity ; and the sudden transition from his own to the misfortunes of his friend gives us a high idea of the author's sensibility and goodness of heart.

" No more I search, I pack, I guage, I ride !
 On prancing charger, like a Major bold !
 No more o'er sturdy paviours you preside,
 Nor in dark lobby touch *contingent* gold."

Contingent, curiosa felicitas—a most delicate and happy epithet.

Self-love is man's ruling passion ; it is natural therefore, to find him revert to his own misfortune :

" Where shall I now my *Sabine Cabbage* plant ?
 The Isle of Man's sunk in the *raging sea*."

Though we admire the natural wish of an old man to withdraw from the bustle of a busy world to rural retirements, we yet fear the strong equivoque in the epithet *raging sea* cannot be admitted, though used even by the modern Mæcenas, Sir F. H—ch—n. Any thing like pun, suits not the Elegiac Muse.

The thoughts of his family rise upon his view :—What
breast so hard as not to feel for the united tears of the patriot
and the father ?

“ My boy, my Dickey, will be turned out,
Bob B—r—s—d with him no more will sit ;
Yet what my darling’s crime ? he turn’d about,
Sbrinking with horror from the fatal Pitt.

Why Bob ! alluding perhaps to his wig-characteristic.

We will not anticipate the public pleasure by citing any
more than the two concluding stanzas :

“ Off the plumed button, and the pert bob-wig,
Tear off the joyous garb of blue and buff,
The gay attire of the triumphant whig ;
And shroud these limbs in gown of dismal stuff.
Like poison’d rat, I sink into my hole,
There hide from scorn, my melancholy head ;
With *ethic* studies strive to sooth my soul—
All other joys, through hated life, are fled.

Independence, an irregular Ode, in imitation of Preston’s
Ode to the Moon.—Byrne, 1s. 1d.

More poetry ! “ Is Bedlam, or Parnassus, all let out ? ” irre-
gular and incoherent, indeed ; not to be reduced to any rule, of
propriety.

A treatise on the best methods of destroying vermin ; by
John Fits, Rat-Catcher to the King’s most Excellent Majesty,
6s. 6d.—Grierfon.

A useful tract ; (mean as the subject may appear) and as such
we recommend it to our readers.

A new system of Mensuration ; or, the Geometry of Invisi-
bles ; by John Philpot, Philomath,—Jackson, Meath-street—
Price 3s. 3d.

The only circumstance worth remarking on in this work is
a mode of taking the altitude of a column by measuring its
shadow in the dark.

Whether

Whether the author does not require a dark closet and a strait waistcoat, let those who read him judge.

The Art of Tumbling ; by John Merryman, principal clown Mr. Astley ; dedicated by permission to John P — C — n. Byrne, 2s, 2d.

Though a classical funambulist may appear a novelty in the walks of literature, we cannot say much for our friend Merryman. He sometimes excites mirth—but is more frequently ridiculous.

The Independence of Ireland asserted, by the Rev. A — O'L — y ; to which are added, Title deeds and Maps of the Forfeited Estates. Byrne, 1s. 1d—Written with that sound argument and just irony, for which the author is so well noted.

Thoughts, humbly submitted, on the supplying the Deficiency of the legislature, occasioned by the present unhappy Infamy of the H — of C — s. Anon. Byrne.

Ingenious and solid.

Report of the Physicians who attended the H — of C — s during their late unhappy malady.

Interesting merely as medical facts.

Spiritual wickedness in high places, a Sermon before the House of L — s, by the Right Rev. the A — b — p of C —, on Prov. chap. 1. v. 13, 14. " We shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil : cast in thy lot among us, let us all have one purse."

In our next review, we shall proceed to examine many other publications, which have teemed forth in the last month.

MOUSETRAP.

T H E

STURDY BEGGAR's OPERA.

I.

FOR ev'ry employment what strife !
 Each member abuses his brother ;
 Place and Pension they all want for life,
 All professions betray one another.
 But now who his neighbour would cheat,
 Round Robin would swingingly fine ;
 And the Statesman, though ever so great,
 Degrades himself so as to sign.

II.

'Tis Gr——tt——n that seduces all mankind,
 By him we may be taught the wheedling arts ;
 His very words can cheat, when most they're kind,
 He tricks us of our money by his parts.
 For him, like fools at night, we vote for prey,
 And practice ev'ry fraud to raise alarms ;
 For Gr——tt——n's words like law, are won by pay,
 And patriots must be see'd into our arms.

III.

O C——rry is a sad dog and heeds not what I taught him,
 I wonder any man alive could act so when I bought him ;
 For he will vote for prince and King, for Pitt's and Fox's side,
 The Viceroy praise like any thing, and keep his place beside ;
 And when he gets with care and pain a flourishing essay,
 He spouts it in the Commons House, and then votes t'other way.
 O C——rry is, &c.

IV.

A patriot's like a fair flower in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
 Round him the mob each day bully and bluster,
 Swearing he shall have Fifty Thousand Pound.

But

But when once bought, he's no longer alluring,
Like Napper Tandy he aims to be great :
Links knaves and fools, and grows past enduring,
Mobs, scolds, blackguards, like a sot in the street.

V.

Thus when Jack Toler sees a rat,
In a trap in the ev'ning taken ;
With pleasure his tongue gives tit for tat,
In revenge for bold Robin's speaking.
Then he leaves him to the dog or the cat,
To be worried, crush'd, and shaken.

VI.

The Robins prepar'd the faction is met,
The leaders all rang'd, a horrible row !
I sign undismay'd, for honour's a bet,
A bet I have lost, so take what I owe.
Then farewell Blaquiere, dear Gervy adieu,
Tho' I lose my place, 'tis no better for you :
All comfort here ends for the rest of our lives,
For this way we starve our children and wives.

VII.

Grand Chorus.

Tis thus we all stand by
The great Napper Tandy.

VIII.

To Stowe I shall travel with pleasure,
To, &c. .
Let me go where I will, in all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such traitors as these are.

A SONG.

A S O N G.

Tune—" *The Vicar and Mefes.*

MR. Pitt, Mr. Pitt,
 Pray why don't you quit,
 And give up your troublesome station ?
 Or must we be told,
 That if longer you hold,
 Tis all for the good of the nation ?
 Tol de rol, &c.

Scotch Harry, Scotch Harry,
 How long will you tarry ?
 Pray take the old Weefel's advice *,
 Get as poor and as thin,
 As when first you crept in,
 And then you'll slip out in a trice.

Lord T——, Lord T——,
 You may soon take a furlough,
 And be not in haste to come back ;
 For, much as you're lov'd,
 Yet 'tis fit you were shov'd
 From the Chancery and the Woofsack.

Lord *Grabam*, Lord *Grabam*,
 And you, my Lord *Bayham*,
 And your brothers at each of the boards ;
 Your departure is nigh,
 So I wish you God be wi'ye,
 On your merits I'll waste no more words.

Lord

* " Fore per angustum tenuis nitedula rimam

" Repserat in aumeram cumentis, &c.

" Cui mustela procul, &c. &c.

" Macra cavum repetes arctum quem macra subisti."

Lord *Feddy*, Lord *Feddy*,
 Who show'd yourself ready
 'To support *John-a-Nokes* when he's in,
 I hope you'll not find,
 That the Whigs are so kind,
 To reward such political sin.

Will Pogy, *Will Pogy*,
 You've damn'd luck, you rogue you,
 So sily to grope to the chair,
 But you must not pretend,
 'Tis th' advice of a friend,
 In a parliament now to sit there.

Lord *Languish*, Lord *Languish*,
 I feel for your *Anguish*,
 And shou'd ask you a question or two ;
 But I've found out of late,
 That for reasons of state,
 No questions are answered by you.

Joe Marobey, *Joe Marobey*,
 Let your hogs be your hobby,
 But try not another election ;
 It would be a sad *boar*,
 And why need I say more,
 To meet with a shameful rejection.

Lord *Mulgrave*, Lord *Mulgrave*,
 You look as a bull grave,
 'Tis in vain to be so much cast down,
 When you've got in a hole,
 Take a trip to the Pole,
 And forget all the plagues of the town.

Charles Brandling, *Charles Brandling*,
 O what a rough handling,
 The poor absent sheriff has got ;
 But your honor's disgrace,
 Was hung full in your face,
 So you had rather more than you brought.

Mr.

Mr. Rolle, Mr. Rolle,
 'Tis a shame 'pon my soul,
 For *Devon* to chuse such a Knight ;
 Since the days of old *Rollo*,
 Th' electors, that's hollow,
 Ne'er sent up so brainless a weight.

Lord *Sydney*, Lord *Sydney*,
 No man of your kidney
 Must hope to continue in place ;
 And sure ne'er Sec. of State,
 Had so wig-block a pate,
 And eke such an unblushing face.

Sly *Jenky*, Sly *Jenky*,
 Of matters what think you ?
 Say whose friend you are now if you durst !
 But a word in your ear,
 I've been told, do you hear,
 Number one was at all times the first.

A N E W B A L L A D,

(To the Tune of—" LILLIBULLERO.")

KING William the third of glorious renown,
 Did free these two nations from tyranny's yoke ;
 But William the Fourth now possesses the Crown,
 And laughs at our freedom and laws as a joke.
 The great laws of the land
 All obey his command,
 And the Commons obsequious attend to his nod ;
 Each brave London cit,
 Fam'd for eating and wit,
 Adores *this* King William much more than his God.
 Whilst our Monarch's unable to sit on his throne,
 King Pitt takes upon him to rule in his stead ;
 He looks on the sceptre and Crown as his own,
 Like a servant who robs his poor master that's dead.

He

He with malice and spite,
 Keeps the prince from his right,
 'Cause the prince would no longer keep him in employ ;
 He lays on restrictions,
 All sanction'd by fictions,
 And treats the poor Prince like a child with a toy.
 But that which on Pitt strong suspicion must bring,
 The reports of the doctors no longer are seen ;
 He ungratefully makes a state tool of the K***,
 No admittance at K**—but for friends and the Queer,
 Whilst the Duke and the Prince,
 Have often times since,
 To see their poor father and King been refused ;
 And his pages so lov'd
 Have all been remov'd,
 That secret severity now might be us'd.
 But good Mr. Pitt, your phantom of pow'r
 Must cease when the nation is come to its reason ;
 It is then that perhaps you may visit the Tow'r,
 And answer for all your misprisions of treason ;
 'Twill then be too late
 To lament your hard fate,
 That you by ambition and folly were led ;
 Not Hastings's gold,
 Tho' 'twere twice over told,
 Would avail to keep fast on your body your head.
 There's BUCKY the *wife* whom all rascals applaud,
 And Willis the faithful, the minion, and friend,
 May mount on the scaffold like Stratford and Laud,
 Unless by the hangman their exit should end ;
 Our Delegates then,
 Will be looked on as men
 Who dar'd to assert our just freedom and laws,
 Who when faction bore sway,
 Fear'd not to obey
 Their country's command in fair LIBERTY's cause !

THE SINNER'S LAMENTATION ;
A MEDLEY.

Tota cantabitur urbe. — HOR.

" I'll make ballads on ye all." — SHAK.

Tune.—*Venus of Tatterdown bill.*

T'OTHER night the *Round Robin* in Council was met,
To consider their critical state ;
Sir Henry so grave, as their Chairman was set
To keep order, and rule the debate.

Long time had they sat and yet nobody spoke,
So deep were they plunged in their woes !
Not L—ng—e, himself had propounded a joke,
Or Prancer complain'd of his toes.

Atty B—n in a dismal quandary was there—
And C—rr—n sat kicking his heels ;
Sir F—look'd up with a pitiful air,
Like a man that is caught when he steals.

Bully E—n in phrenzy and bitterness swore,
" Shall I lose my five hundred good pounds ?
" I should have consider'd it better before
" I engag'd on such desperate grounds.

" Blood and 'ounds !"

G—e P—y wish'd that he never had signed !
And B—h—e kick'd about his new wig ;
Harry G——n was perfectly calm and resign'd,
For he valued not Bucky a fig.

Mr. G——n, (said L—ft—s) may well be content,
He regards not how badly we fare ;
But not one of the first *fifty thousand* is spent—
I suppose he'll afford us some share.

Then Harry consider'd—to parry the thrust
For once, he determin'd to shine ;
So to quiet their minds he sent out upon trust,
To get half a dozen of wine.

Then

Then soon they began to lament each his case,
 And in songs to complain of their woes ;
 Sir H—rc—s first, like a viol so base,
 First vented his hopes through his nose.

Tune. *Ballinamona.*

In the course of my life I ne'er saw a Swift hang'd,
 But I'm told that the sight is both curious and grand ;
 For I hear that a long time before they are dead,
 The hair does come off from the back of their head.
 Huzaa for a sight so droll boys,
 A man without hair on his poll, boys,
 Kicking for life and for soul, boys,
 To see a Swift hanging for me !

Tune. *And did you not hear of a jolly young Waterman.*
 And did you not hear of a jolly old prancer,
 A fellow that's us'd at the Castle to ply ?
 By turns was packer, a Major, Financier,
 Or any thing else, he'd get any thing by.
 For years I trim'd my vote so steadily,
 I got what I ask'd from my King, most readily ;
 From that very King whom I basely forsook,
 When baseness and Faction his government shook.

Tune. *Oh ! he'll go up Holborn hill in a Cart, in a Cart.*
 Oh ! I'll go by Stephen's-green in a cart, in a cart,
 Oh ! I'll go by Stephen's-green in a cart, in a cart ;
 Oh ! I'll go by Stephens-green,
 Press'd down with age and sin,
 With a tuck beneath my chin,
 I'll depart, I'll depart.

[Da Capo.]

C—TT—R.

Since laws were made for every degree,
 No reflections, dear Sir, on my father, or me ;
 For better were hang'd than ever you'll be,
 On Tyburn tree.

L — DICK.

Tune.—Ab ! Pappa how can you be so ill-natur'd ?
 Dear Papa ! how could you be so short sighted,
 To bring poor Dicky into such a sad scrape ?
 The people will think that you've now got a light head—
 This danger I cannot tell how to escape.
 If fighting, or swagg'ring, or swearing, would do it,
 I yet have a notion I'd stand a good chance ;
 I'm afraid that your Dicky will constantly rue it,
 That your toes so continually itch for a prance.

SIR SORROWFUL SLENDER,

Knt. of the rueful countenance.

Tune.—Death and the Lady.

IN Wicklow mountains I do live obscure,
 No stranger ever enter'd at my door ;
 I'll lay these costly politics aside,
 And to my heath-clad hills again I'll ride.
 The Pint of port that I brought up to town,
 Will serve to cheer my heart a going down :
 By care to reimburse my self I'll seek,
 And on the * Monday side—I'll live a Week.
 Such dreadful thoughts did ne'er my heart invade,
 Since in the † grave my wretched corpse was laid !

* A certain honest and generous Bishop had a miserable caitiff of a son so dismal in his aspect that a wit once said he was like the stuffed skin of a bittern nailed to a stable door to prevent horses from dreaming—At the Bishop's table dined one day an amiable Lady, who happened to be in the last month of her pregnancy ; she desired Mr. Frank to help her to a bit of the Monday side of a surloin of Beef:—You must excuse me, Madam, said he, we never cut our Monday side of a Sunday—Oh fie Frank ! said the reverend old gentleman, never refuse a Lady any thing she likes. Frank was inflexible : the Lady miscarried—the Bishop died—Frank lived and thinks himself qualified with this liberal spirit to talk of the finances of a great nation.

† This Gentleman once had the misfortune to die—in appearance. He was buried but was dug up upon a dispute between his executor and the sexton. He had ordered in his will that the fellow should get but half fees. How happy it is for this kingdom that the sexton's resentment in digging him up again had restored such a valuable member to society.

Pindaric—By Mr. C ——— N.

Sir F ———, I beg you will not go away—
But stay.——

If expences affright you—

If roast beef does delight you—

I've a bit of a rib in the cupboard.

If with me you will stay,

And say just—aye or nay,

I'll feed you and make you look jolly like Hobart.

Tune. *Moreen a Gibberland.*

Oh fye upon you *Shamus* !

A connaught man, and prove untrue ;

A country so long famous,

For loyalty and honour too.

I own for me a place was made ;

And then I promis'd that I would

Support the man I since betrayed,

Oh fough upon ingratitude !

When I became a place-man,

And made that promise as before,

They thought I was a base man ;

But now, they even think me more.

In compassing my dirty ends,

My vices would a volume make ;

My King, my country and my friends,

I, in their turns, did forsake.

And now in hopes to save me,

About some seven thousand pound

I sob'd from New G——a,

I sign'd that cursed Robin round.

And I returned for——

To do an act as base and mean ;

'Tis with sorrow that I say so,

I ne'er will be return'd again.

G—— N.

G——N.

Tune. *Shaunbyee.*

When my troops did assemble,
 Their looks made me tremble,
 I thought of their Minds so depraved ;
 With a horrible grin,
 Did B——e begin,
 And cry'd out, by you we're deceived.

Your party in London,
 Our fortunes have undone,
 While you, Sir, were snug and secure ;
 But while he was speaking,
 Behind I was sneaking,
 'Till I cleanly hopp'd out of the door.

Tune — *Black-ey'd Susan.*

Now discord's God among them reign'd,
 They ranted, rail'd, and tore their hair ;
 Their motives ev'ry one explain'd—
 Some urg'd by hope, some by despair !
 While E—n's eye-brows o'er his features lower'd,
 What business had I—what business had I for to come on board.

Tune—*Welcome, Welcome, Brother Debtor.*

C——RR——N.

Welcome, welcome Brother prater,
 To this disaffected place ;
 Indeed my griefs are not the greater,
 That you share in our disgrace.
 But my friend, as you're a stranger,
 You do not know how we've been us'd ;
 By that man, who flies the danger
 Of men's revenge, whom he abus'd.

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS—by them all.

Tune—*Shaunbyee*.

Thus our business is done, there's an end of our fun,
 We've been bit by the Patriot's mad phrenzy ;
 How we'll get back again, thro' contempt and disdain,
 Must be just as Bucky may fancy.

But had we succeeded, he shou'd have needed—
 Our candor—our mercy, or justice ;
 He had found to his cost, that the man who has lost
 His power's, a fool shou'd he trust us.

A S O N G.

I'M lately return'd from the ocean
 In very sad plight, and distress !
 The devil take him made the motion,
 That I should go with the Address.
 The people were gaping, and staring,
 While we in procession pass'd by ;
 O'N—I fell a cursing and swearing,
 While S——t seem'd ready to cry.
 But the worst of it all happen'd after,
 When we were receiv'd by the Prince ;
 Such whispering, jeering, and laughter ;
 Though he talk'd of “ the very great sense
 “ He had of our loyal affection ;”
 Mere words ! that meant nothing at all ;
 Then seeing our grief and dejection,
 He promis'd to give us—a Ball.

Lord C——t, bowing, did answer,
 The honour I'm loath to refuse ;
 But, really, I am not a great dancer—
 Besides, I brought over no shoes :
 With your Highness, we'd much rather dine, Sir,
 If you wish for to give us a treat ;
 We've mighty nice palates for wine, Sir,
 And very good stomachs for meat.

A NEW SONG,

Tune—" *The Wat'ry God.*"

*For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more.*

THOMP. SEASONS.

YE sons of Ireland, join my lays,
To Heav'n your grateful voices raise,
Till shouts shall rend the skies ;
Let loyalty our songs inspire,
And give them energy and fire,
While faction trembling flies.

Great GEORGE restor'd to royal sway,
Ye sons of Ireland, bless the day,
For he'll again bless you ;
Once more in dignity enthron'd,
He'll deal out mercy all around,
And virtue's path pursue.

On gracious GEORGE, whose mind was pure,
And thought himself in friends secure,
The care of Heav'n descends ;
Restrain'd his powers but for to shew,
Who was his friend, and who his foe,
For GEORGE had faithless friends.

A S O N G.

Tune—" *Langolee.*"

AND so my dear friends, after all your parading,
How could you come back with an answer so lame ?
An answer so slipp'ry, sly, and evading,
In troth, one wou'd think, he was making his game.

Why

Why does he not say, that he would accept it,
 If that had not happen'd which makes him reject it?
 I neither do know what he has said or meant,
 But I know that I'm sorry that ever you went.

Then what is his meaning, of bonds and of freedom;
 Sure freedom, and bondage, can never be join'd?
 I'd have blotted them words, and I ne'er wou'd read e'm,
 The Irish won't like for to see them combin'd.
 And then, by a kind of significant squinting,
 He talks of connexion, as if he was hinting
 He did not approve quite, the message we sent,
 Well, I know I'm sorry that ever you went.

He's then full of joy, at the same time he's sorry,
 Surely, such language is not common sense?
 And tho' he expresses his great liking for ye,
 He gently reminds you, that you might go thence.
 Then he talks of your characters, public and private,
 In hopes that his humbugging, you will connive at;
 The more I consider it, the more I repent,
 That ever we bid you, and ever you went.

When C——y read it last night in his place,
 I candidly own, when I heard it, I thought,
 He had made it, perhaps, with the help of his Grace,
 And that from his H——s, no answer you'd got,
 I thought so, because why, the language so poor is,
 The meaning perplex'd, and so shy, and obscure is;
 For another address, I will never consent,
 I am sorry, with this one, that ever you went.

THE
SONGS
OF
LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

WITH ADDITIONAL

SONGS,

As they were performed at the

FANCY BALL,

IN THE

CASTLE OF DUBLIN,

ON

St. PATRICK'S NIGHT, by a select GROUP.

Dramatis Personæ.

Marquis.

Arch-Mitre,

First Gutter,

Second Gutter,

Ld. Double Gutter,

First Runner,

Second Runner,

First Serjeant,

Second Serjeant,

Speaker,

Trimmer,

First Hireling,

Second Hireling,

Third Hireling,

Fourth Hireling,

Fifth Hireling,

1st Ld. in Waiting,

2d Ld. in Waiting,

Expectant Lords,

A—b—p of C—h—l.

Mr. C—rr—y.

Counsellor D—y.

L—d W—lls.

Major H—b—t.

Hon. T. P—k—h—m,

— F—g—d.

— T—l—r.

Mr. G. S—df—d.

Mr. H—yes.

Mr. M—re, of the B—n.

L—d D—lv—n.

Rt. Hon. Mr. B—r—f—d.

L—d J—cel—n.

Rt. Hon. Mr. G—rd—n—r.

Sir N. L—wl—fs.

{ Sir J. B—ne, Mr. L—gf—d,
Mr. A—x—n—r,
Mr. H—rm—n, &c. &c.

Hibernia, Robins, Masques, &c.

T H E
S O N G S
O F

LOVE IN A VILLAGE, &c.

A C T. I.

SCENE I. *Two Courtiers in Expectation.*

First Courtier.

H O P E ! the Courtier's first Desire,
Airy Promiser of Place !
Dreams of future Wealth inspire
Softest Soother of Disgrace !

Second Courtier.

Places, Marquis ! promise still,
Grant Reversions for the rest,
With thy Bribes our Pockets fill,
And with Titles make us blest !

SCENE II. *A great Number of Secretaries and Clerks without Pay, computing.—The Marquis reading a Letter.*

To be sung, or stutter'd,

Pi-Pi-Pitt say no more,
Sure you told me before,
I know the full Length of my Tether ;

Tet-Tether ;
Not

Not a Man in the House,
That I value a Louse,
I can bribe them and bilk them together.

ge-gethet.

I think a few Lies,
Will always suffice,
To get them if Grattan don't mar it ;

ma-mar it ;

But as for the Pelf,
I so love it myself,
To their Beef I'll not give them a Carrot.

Ca-Carrot.

Scene changes to the House of Commons Corridore.

Runners and Robins.

First Runner.

Tho' I had been by Birth decreed
Too noble for a Hack,
Yet B—k—gh—m's vile Nets I spread,
To lure the Robin's Back :
What Joy, what Triumph shou'd I gain,
If you with us wou'd vote—
Still are my Bribes and Threats in vain !
Sweet Robin ! change your Note !

First Robin in Reply.

Do you think I inherit,
So slavish a Spirit,
As e'er to submit to this Log !
Now fondled—now chid—
Permitted—forbid—
I'll surely kick out the proud Dog.
Away then poor H—b—t,
'There's nought in your Cupboard,
Can make me from Honour depart ;
I despise such as thee,
And hope soon to see,
Your Master and you in the Cart.

Second

Second Robin.

Cease H—b—t disingenuous Youth!
Thy Pride in being a Hack,
Thy Glory in corrupting Truth,
Or winning Wretches back!

Leave T—dd or L—s or C—ke the Cares,
Buck's Poison to instil,
For tho' thy Soul's as mean as theirs,
Thou hast not *yet*—their Skill.

Arch-Mitre.

Young I am, and sore afraid,
Wou'd you hurt a harmless Lad?
Lead an Innocent astray?
Tempt me not, kind Runner, pray!

B—k—gh—m shou'd I believe,
And as usual, *be* deceive;
If I change, and he forsake,
Sure my tender Heart wou'd break.

Second Runner.

Zounds Neighbour, ne'er stand for a Trifle like this!—
Try the Marquis this Time, and Armagh you can't miss,
The gravest old Canter, a Truce with Grimace,
Wou'd do the same Thing, cou'd he get the same Place.

No Age, no Profession, no Station is free;
To Corruption, old P—y himself bends the Knee:
That Power, resistless, no Strength can oppose,
We all take a pretty Bribe, under the Rose.

Second Gutter. Solo.

Still in Hopes to get the better,
Of round Robin's Chain I try—
Under it this moment shelter,
And the next my Oath deny.

Now

Now prepar'd to scorn each Offer—
 Sep'rate Terms, and Pardon brave—
 Then relapsing catch the Proffer,
 And confess myself a Slave.

Two Serjeants, a Duett.

Tune, The Traveller benighted—

First Serjeant.

“ Dear Serjeant, tho' benighted,
 And lost in black Despair,
 Now that the Post's alighted,
 Let us our Side declare.”

Second Serjeant.

“ How lucky we absconded,
 Before the News was known ;
 We might perhaps be bonded,
 To serve a barren Throne.”

First Serjeant.

But since the King is better,
 The Prince must now decline ;
 (I saw Kitwarlin's Letter)
 No regent he of mine.

Second Serjeant.

As ev'ry Packet brings
 (Heav'n save him for our Sake)
 Health of the best of Kings,
 Wolfe, you and I, will speak.

Scene changes to the House of Commons.

Hibernia enthroned sings—

My King's my own, my Will is free,
 And so shall be my Voice ;
 No Regent e'er shall reign o'er me,
 'Till first he's made my Choice.

Let

Let Fitz assert—that England's Laws
Our Regent must obey ;
Grattan has still a saving Clause,
Against tyrannic Sway.

Speaker.

Believe me, dear Larry,
To rail thus at Harry,
Will sound at the Castle most rare ;
Be stout in Reply,
And give him the Lie,
You're sure to be back'd by the Chair.

How happy the Blow,
That shou'd lay Grattan low,
Our Party to put of Pain ;
Then my Jobs I'll pursue ;
Get a Pension for you,
And Flood bring amongst us again.

But Larry, take care,
Lest I forfeit my Chair,
If too warmly your Cause I espouse ;
For should the King die,
Or a Viceroy look shy,
Scarce a Friend shall I find in the House.

First Gutter.

Gentle Prince, ah, tell me why,
Thus you scorn and bid me fly ;
I'm the Friend will persevere,
Yet to Bucks I lend an Ear,
Serve him for my private End—
And take a Place from Foe or Friend.

Third Robin.

There was a mulish Marquis once
Liv'd in the Castle Yard ;
He jobbed, and scraped from morn till Night,
No Scriv'ner work'd so hard,
Yet this the Burthen of his Moan
For ever now must be ;
“ I care for nobody, no not I,
For nobody cares for me.”

I

Full

Full Chorus of Lords and Commons.

Pitt ne'er was so out, such a Viceroy to fix on,
 Zounds Bucks, don't provoke us, but mind what we say;
 You've chose a wrong Nation for playing your Tricks on,
 So pack up your Alls, and be trudging away:
 You'd better be quiet,
 And not breed a Riot;
 Nor keep us here censuring you ev'ry Day,
 We've got other Matters to mind;
 The Money Bills yet are to pass;
 For if you stay longer you'll find,
 We'll make you sneak off like an Ass.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *Presence Chamber at the Castle.*

Marquis. Solus.

Let the Good and the Great,
 Make the most of their Fate,
 From Places to Principle hurry;
 Well, who cares a Jot,
 I value them not,
 Whilst I have *whole* C—te and *half* C—r—y.
 For Counsel I'll fly
 From Fitzgibbon too high,
 To Th—r—t—n, H—b—t and C—ke;
 But to soften my Cares
 And forget State Affairs,
 I'll laugh with *Brown, Lawless* and *Luke*.

Second. Ditto.

Since Leinster's deserted no further I'll seek,,
 But go off to Wales in the Packet next Week;
 A Service in London will soften Disgrace,
 And a Seat at the Admir'ly not a bad Place.

Lord

Lord Townsend went there, he soon met with a Friend—
 And *Woolwich* repair'd the Disgrace of *Ringsend* ;
 Then why shou'd I stay, and rash Counsel pursue,
 To injure myself and my Friends to undo !

Scene, the Castle Stair-Case.

Trimmer singing.

Since the King's quite recover'd and grown a sound Man,
 Pray why shou'd'nt I get a Sop in my Pan ;
 Tom P—k—h—m or H—b—t can get me a Place,
 Oh ! how fine set in Gold looks his Majesty's Face.

Bally na mona ohro.

They found out Tom Nesbit, and settled his Mind,
 Tho' at first he seem'd wavering they soon made him kind ;
 Then why shou'd not I the same Trimming pursue,
 And better my Fortune as other Rats do.

Bally na mona ohro.

*Folding Doors open and discover the Levée Room, with Hacks,
 Trimmers, Runners, &c. who advance singing this Chorus.*

Ye Runners and Ratcatchers hither repair,
 What Votes you may want you will find at our Fair ;
 Here Trimmers of all Sorts of Conscience there be,
 And as for our Wages we'll try to agree.

First Hireling.

I pray ye Gentles list to me,
 Tho' I a Patriot seem to be,
 I will turn tail with any he,
 For Work that's in the County.
 My Promises to Tighe I'll break,
 I'll Customs, Stamps, or Barracks take,
 And more can do than here I'll speak,
 Depending on your Bounty.

Second Hireling.

'Tis I am the Lad, with a true Courtier's Heart,
 Who will stick to my Friends, 'till their doomed to the Cart ;
 To the Gallows I'll drive them, if we can agree,
 And I think their old Cloaths will look pretty on me.

See them bobbing—

Gee ho Dobbin—

Gee ho Dobbin, gee ho gee ho.

Third

Third Hireling.

I am a Blade, who knows the Trade,
 Of Corridore and Entry—
 And tho' I'm fat, I'll catch a Rat,
 Well as the worst of Gentry.
 A Runner wou'd you have,
 I can flatter and deceive,
 Command my little All, Sir—
 No deed so low and mean,
 Little D—lv—n will disdain,
 Altho' his Parts are small, Sir.

Fourth Hireling.

If you want a staunch Hack, my Hand you must cross.
 For a Tax or a Job, I am ne'er at a Loss,
 And all my tall Sons, as a Tilly I'll tofs,
 To drain out the Purse of old Ireland,
 The Purse of old Ireland to drain.
 Make my Brother Duke Munster, with Shannon's employ—
 Second Council continue to Marcus my Boy—
 Let my Guagers all vote, and no Man will enjoy
 As I shall to humble old Ireland,
 To humble old Ireland as I.
 Tho' F—st—r in public Expence stands alone,
 Blasts the national Credit, as well as his own,
 Let my Custom House vouch for my skill when I'm gone,
 In wasting the Wealth of old Ireland,
 The wealth of old Ireland to waste.

First Lord in Waiting.

Don't my peerage now delay,
 Doubtful News each Packet brings,
 Bucks, he may be drove away—
 Madness seize the best of Kings.

Second Lord in Waiting.

Tune, *Behind the Bush, &c.*
 Nor Place nor Pension is my Plan,
 Large Sums I can afford, Sir;
 But, as I'm not a Gentleman,
 I fain wou'd be a Lord, Sir.

Nor Place, &c. Da Capo.

Chorus

Chorus of seven expectant Lords.

Tune, Doctor Mack.

Lord Double Gutter sings—

Upon which Side foe'er they vote, they make on't such a Pother,
I'm now for this, and now for that, and then for both together ;
My Proxy to one Side I give, on t'other vote myself, Sir—
Let me alone, I believe you'll own I am a cunning Elf, Sir.
My Brother Mun, I rest upon, 'tis he that is the Foxie,
He trimm'd to make his Pension out, for Fanny and Tom's
Doxie ;

But when that that, he cou'd not get, he sily told his Grace
Sir,

That at the Board, he must afford Tom, little Bushe's Place
Sir.

Fifth Hireling.

When first I Grattan's Party join'd,
I thought the King wou'd die :
When he grew well I changed my Mind,
O ! what a Wretch am I.

What have I gain'd by my Disgrace ?

't'ho' I was promis'd so ;

When for my Friend I fought a place,

'Twas given to my Foe.

Oh ! the Fool, the sily Fool !

Who trusts what Viceroy's say ;

I wish I had my Vote again,

Let Dad say what he may.

Enter the Marquis in a Passion as usual.

A Plague of Trimmers, you make such a Pother,
When once you have let'n a Man have your Votes,
You're always a whining for something or other,
And begging for Pensions or Places :
What tho' I thank you ne'er so fairly,
Still you keeping teasing, teasing on :
I cannot persuade you,
'Till Promise I've made you,
And when you have got it,
You tell me, add rot it !

Your

Your Character's blasted, you're ruin'd, undone ;
 And then to be sure Sir,
 There is but one cure Sir,
 To bribe you to bear your Disgraces.

Full Chorus of all the Characters at the Ball.

Tune, *Patrick's Day in the Morning*—
 Here's Buckingham's Health,
 Let us drink it by stealth—
 Lest it meet with a national Scorning ;
 But each Irish Heart,
 Lays its Malice apart,
 On Patrick's Day in the Morning.

'Tis true we all groan
 To get B—k—g—m gone,
 Of his Rancour and Rage we've had warning ;
 His Foes cou'd he bear,
 His Friends he wou'd cheat,
 Ev'n on Patrick's Day in the Morning.

But now with one Voice,
 For our King let's rejoice,
 Low men and Low Politics scorning ;
 Loyal Ireland shall ring
 With " Long live our King !"
 Many Patrick's Days in the Morning.

T H E
N E T T L E,
AN IRISH BOUQUET,
TO TICKLE THE NOSE OF AN
ENGLISH VICEROY;

BEING A COLLECTION OF
POLITICAL SONGS AND PARODIES,
DEDICATED TO THE

MARQUIS GRIMALDO,
GOVERNOR OF BARATARIA.

BY SCRIBLERIUS MURTOUGH O'PINDAR.

Now handing about in the Circles of Fashion, and sung to
some of the most favourite Airs.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
THE PROPHECY,
AN IRREGULAR ODE;

Addressed to his Excellency shortly after his Arrival:

A N D
THE TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM,

Addressed to the Right Hon. HENRY GRATTAN.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

D E D I C A T I O N
E X T R A O R D I N A R Y.

MY LORD,

EXCUSE the liberty which I take of claiming your attention to this unfeigned testimony of the sentiments which I entertain of your public character as a V—y, and your private virtues as an affable and beloved nobleman.

I picked up this little *bouquet* for your Lordship in a hasty excursion to the fields of Parnassus ; and though it may not regale your senses with the most fragrant and beautiful flowers, and is not of sufficient consequence to be dignified with the judicious and elegant title of the SHAMROCK ; yet I hope you will find in the humble nettles of which it is composed, something to engage your attention in favour of the author, and to touch your feelings to the quick, in some points at least, as interesting to yourself.

Your Lordship may probably be curious to know, to whom you are indebted for this fugitive memorial of the cordial affection which subsists between you and the people who now happily enjoy the numberless benefits of your wise, conciliatory and patriotic government, in the conduct of which not the least of your merits has been producing that remarkable change in the minds of the people towards you, as it is well known their dislike of you was expressed in various striking marks of public dissatisfaction on your arrival here.

I will, in some measure, save you the trouble of enquiry, by the mention of a few particulars with which it is probable you are not already acquainted.

K

To

To convince you that I have shrewdness enough to discover what is not very plain to the rest of the world, I refer you for proofs to the irregular ode at the end of this little collection, in which you will perceive that I am endowed with a spirit of prophecy, which can see as far into a state millstone, as any of my neighbours.

For my politics, I must confess myself to be of the old fashioned party, who love Ireland dearly, and as cordially hate the country which has oppressed her for ages, and which constantly adds insults to injuries, by reproaching our people with that poverty—which is the consequence of their oppression.

With this principle glowing in my breast, I can admire the abilities of a Pitt and a Fox, without being in the smallest degree influenced by their plausible professions of affection to this country.—I can hear many ingenious arguments made use of to prove the claims which England has upon the gratitude of this country ; yet do not at all feel myself inclined to adopt the sentiments of my prudent, and probably more enlightened neighbours.—Far from this, all that I have heard on the subject, has contributed to confirm the opinion which I formed from a view of the conduct and relative situations of the two countries, ever since the first moment of their political connection.

You begin to smile, my Lord, as I grow serious—if so, you cannot be displeased with me—was I in your Lordship's situation, the man who possessed the wonder-working power of extorting a smile from me, should not go unrewarded.

In the course of this hasty production, where I am inclined to indulge a laugh, it is possible, by a strange reverse, that your Lordship will be troubled with a peevish fit ;—nothing more natural ;—it is, my Lord, the way of the world, to make merry at the expense of others, especially if their embarrassments are brought on by their own folly or misconduct.

But whether you be inclined to feed on the spleen in the gloomy recesses of Kilmainham, or I to follow the sportive propensities of fancy in a mirth-loving moment, is of little consequence in your present situation, which, if it will admit
of

of any further happiness by a removal from this country, I hope you will soon experience that pleasure, by a speedy transportation to a state better suited to the profound and extraordinary extent of your abilities. In this prayer, if the humility of your nature and affection for the natives of this country, prevent you from joining me, I may with truth aver, that it is the universal wish of all ranks of honest Irishmen.

Among whom, I have the honour to be,

A lover of freedom,

A friend to the rights of mankind,

And your LORDSHIP'S attentive observer,

SCRIBLERIUS M. O'PINDAR.

PROEMIUM

P R O E M I U M.

THE Editor of this work, feels not a little proud of the distinguished honor of ushering into light the following emanations of genius from the pen of the celebrated Scriblerius Murtough O'Pindar,—a man, who, take him all in all, we shall never see his like again ; and who is every way worthy of our admiration and esteem, whether we consider him as lineally descended from the famous Theban bard, or still more, as possessing such resplendent marks, of kindred fire.—This fire it has ever been his pride and boast to employ for the public good ; and now to rescue our falling state from utter ruin and decay he has endeavoured to restore the dignity which the united voice of antiquity bestowed on Song-writing, from the neglect of which, or perversion to base purposes he says, may very fairly be deduced the decline of religion, morality, patriotism, virtue, the fine arts, and particularly that learned and scientific one, which includes the wisdom and marrow of all others, and which the modern Irish, have so happily denominated the art of *wig-making*—an art, which, a learned and pious preacher in one of his sermons asserts, has latterly arrived to such a degree of excellence among our chief governors, ministers of war and ministers of peace, tasters of wine and tasters of tobacco, secretaries, treasurers, commissioners of revenue and commissioners of police (may heaven preserve them all to gratify the wishes of a happy people), that many of its professors are enabled to shew specimens of their skill, without *a single hair upon the block*.

To prove the antiquity of song, it is sufficient to mention the names of Sappho, Corinna, Pindar, and our countryman Carolan, who flourished in the early ages of the world, which all succeeding historians, poets, &c. have justly termed the golden age, by which they mean the age or reign of virtue. If it

be

be allowed, as it undoubtedly must, that song and virtue flourished together, as that profound philosopher Dr. Katterfelto has elaborately proved in the fourth book of his excellent treatise on the copulation of kidney-beans, how much have we not to lament in these degenerate days the neglect, not to say contempt into which this sublime art has fallen !

The learned Murtough proposes, in a future essay to illustrate his system by examples, drawn from the histories of Moses, Josephus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Zencophon, Plutarch, Livy, and the erudite and elegant Bartle Corcorane, of Kings, generals, divines, virtuous men and women, whose various excellencies that skilful antiquarian Sir Joseph Banks in his admired essay on the Lunar eclipses, made in a voyage to the North Pole, traces up to their esteem for the mysteries of this noble science.

He intends to give specimens of songs adapted to every rank and situation in life, so that a future Pitt instead of corrupting his heart, with the study of a Machiavel, or bewildering his understanding with the metaphysical disquisitions of a Locke, may easily learn the task of governing by a few songs judiciously composed, and easily committed to memory.

How pleasing for instance would it not be, to see a chief governor on meeting the parliament, instead of the deceitful speeches usual upon such occasions, address them with a song to the air of *Derry Down*--in which to heighten the effect, he might be accompanied by the state trumpeters, kettledrums, and battle axes--this by the way would be an excellent scheme for a reforming Viceroy to turn such useless trumpery to some good account--and in return how edifying and grateful would it not prove to the natives of Ireland, for the speaker to answer with a song to the air of old *Granu-wale* in which the whole assembly might join in full chorus--*The Fox in the trap we have caught by the tail*. The lawyer instead of poring over Coke upon Lyttleton, might learn the art of defending his clients with the same facility. The divine by these means might entertain hopes of working a general reformation of manners--the physician could work wonders by a due prescription of song ; as the learned Count Zimmerman fully proves in his valuable treatise on corn-cutting, wherein particular mention is made of the green sickness and the bite of the tarantula, which

infallibly

infallibly yield to that most powerful medicine. Here the lovers of humanity have to lament that so much mischief should be done through ignorance or false zeal, and that the ANO-FISTULATORY operators who have made so much noise of late, and who have taken the field—a mighty host ! armed with knives, lances, bandages, lints, plasters, cataplasms, flummery, stirabout, free-stone and butter milk, to attack so dangerous a disease, should not have tried this safe and efficacious remedy ! We recommend this to the notice of Messrs. Hume, Archer, Dillon, Geoghegan, &c. in the 19th or 20th edition of their works.

And now, O Reader ! whoever thou art, whether courtly or clownish, whether mounted on the pinnacle of fame, you bask in the smiles of an affable Viceroy, lo! in your easy chariot, and sleep beneath a gilded roof, or doomed to rags, obscurity and a garret, drag on a miserable existence, rejoice and be merry, that the incomparable works of this thrice renowned poet are now to bless your longing eyes ; rejoice and be merry that you possess those inimitable and matchless poems, which will hand down the author's name, high blazoned in the temple of fame, to the latest posterity.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! I say, and be merry, O reader, whoever thou art, that you are now going to feast on those sublime strains of poetry that have gladdened all hearts, and been sung by all ranks, from his Excellency in the Castle, to the ebon-coloured knight of the foot-bag. Nor do we despair of their soon engaging the attention of that eminent proficient in music, that skilful mover of the passions, Blind Charley, whose melodious and thrilling notes are so admirably calculated to express the true pathos, and to excite every latent spark of sensibility ; that his music-room is daily and nightly frequented by a motley crowd of lords, ladies, bishops, captains, butchers-boys, shoe-blacks, scavengers, pick-pockets, and police-men, who, like old chaos, forgetful of all rank or distinction, warmly unite in praise of the wonders of our blind musician's enchanting vocal powers, which already rival, if they do not surpass, the fabled records of old Orpheus himself.

To give the devil his due—melancholy and sullen though he is, we must not omit to record it for the instruction of future governors

governors less amiable than the present, and the encouragement of other bards of inferior merit ; how much our author has been noticed, caressed, flattered and rewarded, at the court of his Excellency the Marquis of Grimaldo.

A frugal supper, moistened with wholesome small beer, was just finished—a pint of humble port, with sober glasses, were laid on the table—the party was select—it consisted of the Marquis, L—d D—n, Ma—r H—t, Lord M—n, Lord B—t Lord M—t—m—, Lord H—ls—h, Sir B—R—, and A—n W—n ; grace was just said by the State Chaplain, and HER Majesty's HEALTH drank in a BUMPER, when an Aid de Camp ran in out of breath, and holding something in his hand, cried out, " 'tis here, my Lord"—the governor started—for his conscience smote him, and verily he feared the Commons had signed his death warrant in petitioning for his removal—" I waited till they were done, my Lord"—The governor groaned out a bitter sigh to the manes of his fallen character—" it already runs like wild fire through the town, my Lord—they have got it in the taverns, in the porter-houses, in the whiskey-shops, they have it already in the streets, lanes, bulks, and alleys, and Blind Charley himself is now rehearsing before a very crowded audience in his music-room the songs of the matchless Scriblerius Murtough O'Pindar."—At the name of Murtough all the people started, as if electrified ; but gentle or urgent reader, do not mistake—their sensations at that moment were full of expectation of the most refined and exalted pleasure—for fame had already proclaimed Murtough's wonderful powers in song.

But ah !—what pen—what goosequill artillery can do justice to the scene that now ensued ! —Divine spirit of immortal Murtough ! deign to illuminate me with some faint sparks of thy genius, or I shall succumb under the unequal task !

The first song that engag'd their attention was one entitled the HIGH-MINDED MARQUIS, which, at the request of the marquis, was sung with great taste and judgment, by A—n W—n. M—r H—t was so fascinated with the sublime productions of Murtough, and the vocal powers of the A—n that he renounced for ever the beautiful lectures on oratory, which he had received from Lord M—g—n and Sir B—R—

Lord

Lord D—n was so lost in rapture that seizing B—t's left hand he bit his thumb most unmercifully. Lord B—t roared out with pain, and dropped the white handkerchief which he held in his right hand, and gracefully waved as a sign of his delight and satisfaction. Lord M—m—s beat time with a large stick, in which was enclosed the remarkable earth-borer his Lordship carries on his matrimonial expeditions. Lord H—— b—— h occasionally gave the Irish cry, which had a very happy effect. Lord M—g—n and Sir B—R—in extasy beat the devil's tattoo. But what gave great and refined pleasure, was an accompaniment by starts of an exquisite voice, which for some time the company were at a loss to account for, till observing the A—m—n frequently squeeze his arm close to his body, they discovered these delightful notes to come from a sucking pig he had concealed there.

Soon as the tuneful A—m—n had ceased, an involuntary burst of applause broke forth from every person present; nothing was heard on all sides but shouting, clapping, kicking down chairs, tables, glasses, &c. The Marquis first gave the signal, by vociferating, Long live the divine Murtough!—may the prince of poets live for ever!—The cry ran from the Marquis to Lord M——s, from his Lordship to the Aid de Camps, to the pages, to the foot-men, to the chamber-maids, to the cooks, to the scullions,—the tall grenadiers, at the gate caught the influenza, they communicated it to the guard-room—St. Patrick's hall, the antichambers, drawing-rooms, front and back stairs, kitchen, pantry, and scullery—all, all the environs of this seat of magnificence and the muses, rung with acclamations in praise of our matchless bard!

Nor must we omit to do justice to the taste of Lory and Theophilus*, who, to prove their piety and zeal in support of tythes and our holy religion, were then prostrated at the feet of the goddess pouring forth their vows and offerings in the temple of Cloacina; instantly in concert they joined the grand

* The proficiency of these Gentlemen on wind instruments, is not to be wondered at, as they had practised under that able professor the B— of Cl——

chorus

chorus and re-echoed back, *a posteriori*, loud and repeated volleys of applause.

Never sure was so magnificent a feast closed with such a soul-moving concert of woeful and detrimental music, if we consider the illustrious characters of the performers and their skill in the various instruments they played on—in acknowledgment of the satisfaction received from Murtough's lays it was determined in council to appoint him forthwith Poet Laureat, and that such a poet should have ample justice done to his compositions, that Blind Charley should be made state musician.

Happy age in which a Murtough wrote and a Charley sung ! Doubly happy, most potent Marquis, to have your deeds recorded in never-dying strains, by such a constellation of genius ! ! And thrice happy poet and musician, who have found so munificent a patron, to distinguish and reward your transcendent merits ! ! !

From such a union—the poetry of a Murtough and the music of a Charley—what may not be expected ?—Vice and corruption must fly far from us, and this kingdom once more be deservedly entitled the Island of Saints !

T H E
N E T T L E,
A N
I R I S H B O U Q U E T.

THE POOR BE-DEVIL'D
V I C E R O Y.
A P A R O D Y

On the favourite Song of the *Little Plough-Boy*.
To the same Air.

I

THOUGH now a haughty Viceroy, I'm loaded with disgrace
And on all sides affronted, I scarce can shew my face ;
Yet once behind a counter, a merchant's clerk was I,
Till in unlucky hour I laid the business by ;
For by a stroke of fortune a title to me fell,
And then a noble Earl made, my pride began to swell.
Who then could guess I e'er would be, so wise I seem'd in place,
A *poor be-devil'd Viceroy*—and loaded with disgrace.

II.

When once I quitted Ireland, I wish I'd staid away ;
That day was mine, but ev'ry dog, alas ! must have his day.
Now sunk in a minority, Pitt throws the blame on me,
And says, had I some of his arts, it otherwise would be.
Sore gall'd by his reproaches, I've also cause to fear,
Some mark of public hatred will yet o'ertake me here ;
Yet what to do I know not, so doleful is my case,
A *poor be-devil'd Viceroy*—and loaded with disgrace.

III. The

III.

The censures of both Houses I dreaded worse than all ;
 But what if they address the King, and beg for my recall !
 That blow would quite destroy me ; yet how to ward it off,
 And save my irritated pride from many a bitter scoff,
 Is more than I can think of, and left without a friend,
 By ev'ry party jester'd at, detested and condemn'd ;
 What step to take I know not, so doleful is my case,
 A *poor be-devil'd Viceroy*—and loaded with disgrace !

THE HIGH-MINDED
 M A R Q U I S.
 A P A R O D Y

On the much celebrated Song of the *High-mettled Racer* ;
 and set to the same Air.

I.

SEE the streets are all crowded, the Viceroy arrives !
 At his presence behold poor Hibernia revives,
 All ages and ranks their exertions employ,
 To welcome him here in a tumult of joy !
 The day is not missed, tho' the sun is gone down,
 While broad blazing tapers illumine the town.
 Too soon on his wisdom the nation presumes,
 The *high-minded Marquis*—his station assumes.

II.

By prejudice placed, tho' without a just claim,
 On the loftiest height of political frame :
 Behold him by av'rice, to error misled,
 Betraying the meanness in which he was bred.
 Peculators detecting, but seizing the pelf,
 Which they stole from the nation, to keep it himself.
 While boasting state-savings he swells on his gains,
 The *high-minded Marquis*—OLD IRELAND disdains.

III.

Now grown quite reserved with a cold haughty pride,
 His want of true judgment, he labours to hide.
 Our nobles and gentry, and with them all those
 Who welcomed him over, he soon makes his foes.
 Deservedly censured, his schemes are disclosed,
 When GRATAN's great question on Tythes he opposed ;
 Yet still a few hacks can be found to excuse
 The *high-minded Marquis's* sinister views.

IV.

With conscious disgrace, now more haughty he grows,
 And stung by the spleen to Kilmainham he goes ;
 There curst by the poor, and despised by the great,
 Dull, plodding and sad, he bends on to his fate.
 To fetter the Regent he vainly essays,
 While Fitz—— in the senate records his past praise ;
 How bright was his rising—how shameful his fall !
 The *high-minded Marquis* is hated by all.

V.

Till at last having struggled thro' thick and thro' thin,
 With fruitless endeavours to keep himself in ;
 Confused, struck with terror and shame in the night,
 He seeks to escape from the Country by flight.
 Detested, surrounded, exposed to the view
 Of the very same croud, who his carriage once drew ;
 His'd, hooted, pursu'd, and depriv'd of command,
 The *high-minded Marquis* is drove from the land !

GRAT-

GRATTAN'S WREATH.

A P A R O D Y

On the admired Song of *Let Fame Sound her Trumpet.*

To the same Air.

I.

LET Pitt chuse a Regent, to curb at his will,
Let conscience rebuke him in vain ;
The tide of corruption their Senate may fill,
And placemen may smile on their gain.
The King's civil list, let the Queen now secure,
And sink it in funds beyond sea ;
In England let gold every virtue obscure,
And justice, that idol obey,

III.

Let Ireland her freedom with loyalty hold,
Her commerce and soil to improve ;
O! give me her friends, uncorrupted and bold,
Whose virtue no offers can move ;
What's Temple ?—an a—, a fit pedant for school ;
A jest for the laugh of the town :
What's Fitz ?—but a bully ; and Lory ?—a tool ;
But Grattan true glory shall crown !

L O R Y's T R A V E L S.

To the Air of *Crouskeen Laun.*

I.

I TRAVEL'D Dublin round, on earnest business bound,
Through streets, and through many a lane ;
No pleasure could I find, till certain in my mind,
To represent the College again.

II.

II.

I flatter'd for each vote, but till I turn'd my coat,
And acted against my grain ;
All frown'd and turn'd aside, tho' they knew it was my pride,
To represent the College again.

III.

Resolv'd to stick at nought, to gain a fav'rite thought,
That constantly gave me such pain ;
I put it past a doubt, that I could veer about,
To represent the College again.

IV.

A Minister so grave, said nothing could me save,
From losing my election, 'twas plain ;
Without I could provide, the Clergy on my side,
To represent the College again.

V.

" Says he, you've nought to do, mind what I say to you,
No reason you'll have to complain ;
Abuse the man we hate, with scurrilous debate,
To represent the College again."

VI.

" Now Grattan is the man, attack him if you can,
Though all that you say he'll disdain ;
With fury at him drive, if with success you'd strive,
To represent the College again."

VII.

" Our tythes when he attack'd, by numbers he was back'd,
E'er since we have all been in pain ;
So contradict and frown, and strive to keep him down,
To represent the College again."

VIII.

The minister of peace, thought proper here to cease ;
Then Grattan I resolv'd to arraign,
And try my utmost might, in conscience's despite,
To represent the College again.

IX.

IX.

But Grattan was so lov'd that my attempts have prov'd,
 Like many other projects, in vain ;
 And though I gave the lie, it will be vain to try,
 To represent the College again.

I R E L A N D ' s G L O R Y .

To the favourite Irish Air, of *Shaun Bwee*.

I.

LET Irishmen now—no more passively bow,
 To schemes of Vice-regal exaction,
 But join'd hand in hand, let our senators sit and,
 To banish the proud English faction ;
 By England disdain'd, we too oft have complain'd,
 And hop'd for redress by petition,
 Our rights she denied, and with insolent pride,
 Insulted our fall'n condition.

II.

Some proud upstart peer—she always sent here,
 The fat of the land to devour,
 Whose law was his will, and the drift of his skill,
 To grasp at unlimited power :
 She talk'd of free-trade—with insidious parade,
 Yet held ours still under subjection,
 Our goods with mean doubt, from her ports she shut out,
 Refusing our fabrics protection.

III.

Such schemes she employ'd—our arts she destroy'd,
 Her own manufactures to favour ;
 Hibernia beheld, from her cities expell'd,
 By thousands her artificers, leave her ;
 Thus fold and betray'd—her bright genius decay'd,
 Or murmur'd in hopeless dejection,
 While turned to deep anguish—the harp seem'd to languish,
 Lamenting the fatal connection.

IV.

IV.

Each pimp, knave and fool, each unprincipled tool,
 Whose conscience in sin was grown callous,
 Each outcast of state—and scoundrel grown great,
 By actions deserving the gallows :
 With strumpets of fashion—who'd once been the passion,
 Of lords, dukes and those I'll not mention,
 When cast off by vice—for pass'd sins had their price,
 And Hibernia was tax'd for their pension.

V.

Our hopes now revive—while our senators strive,
 To further a just reformation,
 These spoilers no more—shall arrive on our shore,
 With pensions to beggar the nation :
 Or still to do worse, what has been our great curse
 When plunder'd by venal collusion,
 We parted with treasure, for jobbers at pleasure,
To spend it abroad in profusion.

VI.

No high English peer, his pride shall shew here,
 But fustle or closely restrain it,
 And held in due awe, shall ne'er seek a law,
 But the voice of the people in senate ;
 That voice shall be heard—respected and fear'd
 Still bursting in eloquent thunder,
 While Irishmen brave, o'er the lands, and the wave
 Strike envy, with terror, and wonder !

VII.

Then GRATTAN afar, shall appear a bright star,
 O'er Europe pre-eminent shining,
 The bard in sweet lays—shall record his just praise,
 His name with fair laurels entwining ;
 In loftiest pride—smiling Freedom beside,
 Hibernia shall brighten in glory,
 Her patriot's wife, shall our liberties prize
 And fame eternize them in story.

T H E

T H E
DISAPPOINTMENT;

Or, WAT COCKNEY'S Expedition to *Shamrockshire*,
in Search of a Place.

SCENE.—*College-Green.*

TIME.—The night of the general illumination on account
of Ireland's happy riddance from the troublesome government
of the Marquis GRIMBALDO.

I.

O DAMN me! what's all this here light in the dark,
I look at the bonfires, yet can't see a spark;
My eyes are so dazzled, this Dublin's so bright,
I'cod they've the fun in the middle of the night.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

Tho' naked and poor, I have landed, I think,
The gulph must be bottomless quite where I sink;
When I come to the Castle, I'll alter the case,
Of some thousands a year, I'm in search of a place.

Derry down, &c.

III.

I've a line to the butler, and two to the cook;
From the Chancellor's valet, and faith I must look
For something worth having—a snug sinecure;
Your vulgar employments I ne'er could endure.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

The revenue—yes, there's good picking in that;
Or a pleasant church living would answer me pat;
Can I fail, where such numbers of Cockneys before,
Their fortunes have made, and are still making more.

M

Derry down, &c.

V.

The gown of a Parson I'll over me throw,
In Dublin I'm sure an Archbishop I'll show,
Whose old English father o'er sea took a trip,
To get bread by jee-ho, and the crack of his whip,

Derry down, &c.

VI.

These Paddies are ever complaining and poor,
I'cod its no wonder, the reason is sure ;
My countrymen grasp all the wealth of the nation,
And climb to command in each lucrative station.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

By pimping some climb the episcopal bench,
Some rise at the court by the smiles of a wench ;
I'll tread in their footsteps as close as I can,
By doing the needful to please the great man.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

But perhaps, by good luck, I may head the police,
And hold a commission the public to fleece ;
My appointment and perquisites then I'll devote,
To purchase a borough, and barter my vote.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

But stop, I must ask what great house * is that there ;
Why damme, you fellur †, what makes you to stare ;
I'm come to the Marquis—if that makes you jeer,
I'll soon have a place of some thousands a year.

Derry down, &c.

X.

* Looking at the Parliament House,

† Speaking to an Irishman.

X.

Irishman speaks :

The Marquis you're come to! —faith he's a gone man.
If you find him, it must be by catch and catch can;
Expecting disgrace, he was in such a fright,
He thought it the safest to play least in sight.

With my ballynamoney oro, &c.

XI.

He was cried through the town, and by bell-men described,
Till we found that a Holyhead captain he bribed,
For a mighty half crown—as the story is told,
To let him, disguis'd—skulk away in the hold.

With my ballynamoney oro, &c.

XII.

No sooner we found that he thus got away,
By express we pursu'd o'er land and o'er sea,
To make him a third time revisit our shores,
With trusty shillela to wipe off old scores.

With my ballynamoney oro, &c.

O D E *,
EPISTOLARY, CONGRATULATORY,
AND SATIRICAL.

To his Excellency G—— E N—— T G—— E,
M—— s of B—— M.

T——, while others daily thee address,
In language warm, as though on thy arrival,
Britain no more this country should oppress,
And arts should flourish, with a swift revival.
Many there are—and wise ones too,
Who think thee—(thoughts are strange transgressors)
A go-between,
Or state-machine,
A draining press—a British screw,
To squeeze us like thy predecessors.

M 2

Some

* Written shortly after his arrival in Ireland, and published in one of the Dublin papers.

Some grave ones sagely hint—that they behold,
 Through *mental telescopes* of rare invention,
 Thee—hast'ning to restore the age of gold,
 From *avarice* free, from fraud and sharp contention.
 The thought, I'm sure, must make thee smile,—
 And time the truth will soon discover ;
 Whate'er thy skill,
 Or fervent will,
 To fix the freedom of this isle—
 On *different business* thou'rt sent over.
 Some prophesy, the splendor of thy reign
 Will quite eclipse the bright meridian sun ;—
 Justice and bankrupt trade thou wilt maintain,
 And years beneath thy sway shall prosperous run ;
 So let the *Seers*, with *profit*, say—
 My faith is not in their direction—
 Thy borrow'd light,
 On Erin's night—
 (To mock an injur'd people's woe
 With slav'ry under freedom's shew)
 May shed a doubtful, sickly ray,
 As *clouds emit* the sun's reflection.
 The noblest virtues, too, *wholesale*, are thine ;
 Valiant thou art, *though ne'er in battle tried*—
 Alike thou'rt form'd in councils sage to shine,
 And with thy nod the fate of realms decide.
 Yet pardon me—if I believe
 (What numbers think there's no denying)
 While o'er the seas
 They waft thy praise,
 Each flatterer's laughing in his sleeve,
 And begging grace of heav'n for lying.
 Now for a simile, my lord—to hit
 My subject pat—and shew you my opinion :—
 For sov'reign bards within the court of wit,
 Will hold even Kings beneath their proud dominion.

With

With wealthy Timon's praises Athens rung ;
 Fame mouth'd his plaudits—bards admiring sung
 His wisdom, greatness, and his glory !
 But when the channels of his wealth ran dry,
 His parasites fell off—grew wondrous shy,
 And join'd with fame to tell a *different story*.
 Grown poor—the Grecian pass'd unmark'd along,
 Or noted only for his condemnation :
 'Twas then, too late, alas ! he found the throng
 Had paid their honours to his *wealth and station* !
 A *thriving knave* he saw—a *slave* of late,
 Who seem'd t' have made with him a change of fate ;
 Now rais'd the idol of the fickle crowd,
 He saw him follow'd, flatter'd, highly priz'd ;
 While he deserted was—abused—despised !—
 He sigh'd and curs'd ungrateful man aloud.
 Not that I seek to intimate from *this*,
 Thy fortune is like his, a common strumpet :
 Tho' *gen'rous* thou *may'st* be—and great,
 Until thy *acts*, beyond a doubt, create
Some proof, I hope you'll take it not amiss,
 If I delay thy matchless fame to trumpet.
 With freedom then, to speak more plain,
 Nor let my thoughts in hints be scatter'd,
 Was Bar'ngton, fam'd *,
 Our viceroy nam'd,
 His rank wou'd wipe out ev'ry stain,
 Like thee—*he'd be address'd and flatter'd*.
 Northington, amidst the hackney scribbling tribe,
 Found some, like spiders, weaving, in a garret,
 Their flimsy brains—who for the potent bribe
 Of welcome beef, and all inspiring claret,
 Proved he was sent by Jove to bless our race !
 Gave him a name as fair as heav'n's own face,
 So fair, indeed—that nought—(but *truth*) could mar it.

RUTLAND!!!

* Barrington, of light-fingered celerity

RUTLAND!!!—but of the dead I'll little say—
If heav'n sent him—so heav'n took him away!

Then say he was too good for our deserving ;
One thought—and then I'll leave him to his fate,

If he was best of all—heav'n send no worse,—

I deem the BEST VICEROY—*too great a curse,*
And of as mighty service to the state,

As gulps of moonshine to a people starving.

Well—GEORGE be prais'd!—in *rulers* we are blest,

In virtue each shines brighter than the last ;

Yet by thy glory those who *once* were best

Are in a shade of dthn oblivion cast !

The theatre, my lord, is said to be

Of the great world a true epitome ;

The manager is sov'reign—he like kings,

His revenue from *subject actors* wrings.

Who in his trammels he constrains to draw,

Choosing for deputies—*time serving things,*

Who make his arbitrary will their law.

The simile in this, *I* think unjust,

And ever will prove so to us—I trust,

While thou art George's deputy.—In thee

Thy friends the best of *men* and *viceroys* see.

Critics there are, perhaps—who think I sneer,

Though as the noon-day light, *my meaning's clear.*

Perish a thought so vile!—The loud acclaim

Of crowds—who, *know thee not,* resounds thy fame :

Not knowing thee—I think it is most plain,

How just—how true—how free from int'rest mean !

(Deeming all praises for thy worth too weak)

Unbrib'd, of thee *impartially* they speak.

Panegyric of thee enraptur'd sings,

While Hope's *light-fingers* sweep the *golden strings.*

For me, who know how fickle mortals are,

I'm satisfied to breathe this fervent pray'r :

Less ill-timed zeal to some, may heav'n dispense,

And grant they'll praise thee so some five months hence !

TO

T O T H E
Right Hon. HENRY GRATTAN,
T H E
SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY!
T H E
T R I U M P H O F F R E E D O M,

Is most respectfully dedicated by
SCRIBLERIUS M. O'PINDAR.

YE dreams, by fond affection bred,
Illusions dear ! ah, whither fled ?
In gayest robes of bliss array'd,
Ah, why so soon in ruin laid ?

When first the dawn illumines the skies,
Unnumber'd mingled glories rise :
The brightest hues the Heav'ns adorn,
To grace the radiant birth of morn.

But soon the splendid scene is lost,
By winds in dark confusion tost :—
Just emblem of the fate of man ;
'Twas so my views in life began.

When free from care, a playful child,
Around me ev'ry prospect smil'd ;
Maturer grown, an eager boy,
Hope led to promis'd scenes of joy.

Then, heark'ning to delusive fame,
My bosom caught the sacred flame ;
And, as the tales of old I read,
I hail'd with awe the mighty dead.

I caught from Homer's sacred page
A parent's grief—a hero's rage ;
With varied force the strong control
Of lab'ring passions shook my soul.

As

As wintry torrents wildly sweep
 Impetuous down the rocky steep,
 Sublimely rapt, the poet's song
 With force resistless rolls along.

I heard the clang of arms afar ;
 Or mingled in the shout of war :
 Each change of fate my breast assail'd,
 And smiles and tears by turns prevail'd.

'Twas present all ! as fancy drew,
 The battle rush'd upon my view,
 I seem'd the sanguine field to tread,
 Around they conquer'd, fought and bled.

My bosom beat with wild alarms :
 I started fierce, and call'd to arms !
 On fire to strike the avenging blow ;
 And crush my country's ruthless foe.

I saw the wrath of Erin rise—
 Her banners float along the skies—
 Her spoilers slain,—her fetters spurn'd,
 And all her martial pride return'd.

Like lightning swift, from man to man,
 Through all, the generous ardor ran ;
 Indignant rush'd the dauntless band,
 To snatch from chains their native land.

The heroes flew in time to save
 Expiring freedom from the grave ;
 Who, when the fated time had run,
 Repaid them with her darling son :

High Independence ! who restor'd
 The nation's rights, so long deplor'd,
 Whose voice divine, and cheering smile,
 Arous'd the Genius of the isle.

No more the harp, attun'd to woe,
 In wailing notes was heard to flow :
 The bard, of Erin's glory sung,
 The hills with shouts of triumph rung !

*An excellent new Playhouse SONG, called by de Way
of its Title,*

DE M—R—S DONE OVER ; or,
ALL DE BOYS IN A STRING.

Being all in the Tune of Lord Altam's Bull.

HAL G—TT—N is my name,
And de fame I will never deny ;
I got fifty thousand pieces paid me down on the nail,
For speaking for de sweet Liberty !

I'm de boy, your souls ! dat docked de money-bills, and put
de free trade in your fists, sould Poyning's to Mr. Foot of de
corner, and bid de English Parliament kifs our a—es. Den
your souls to de gallows ! when I fobb'd my mocus's, well be-
comes me, by de hokey, I falls a ballyragging F—d, spits in de
Volunteers countenance, and corks de newspapers gobs, your
souls, Huzza for de sweet Liberty !

II.

De next dat spoke he was sweet Jacky Prancer,
And here's what prancing Jacky he did se-gay :
As for all de big places I was up to in de state,
De ready penny always I did pe-gay.

Dere's de clean lad, your souls ! dat never calls for any
thing he does not pay for, fair and honest. Dere's ne'er a boy
in de ring, your souls ! dat does not love kelter better dan de
belly-ach. Stick to dat, Jack, get de porridge from dem, boy,
and come over to us for de salt, your soul !—Huzza for Jack
Prancer and de ready-rhino !

III.

De very fifth day of February,
(It being de P—m—t day),
All of us stout-hearted boys morris'd down to de Hóuse,
For to drive de M—s of B—k—g—m away.

Dat vas de day sure enough ; I spied him vid his speech in
his fist, and his spectacles on his nob. No sooner vas de word

N

out

out of his jaw, dan we opened at him for de bare life, your souls ! out I lugs out of my cly, de makings of a King of our own, boys ; but de M — s being of a high spirited disposition, bid us quit de premises, or Edgeworth's timber would be de word ; den it was, your soul ; we gave him de sincere dressing, gave de job to half a dozen of our boys, run de cadet upon de M—q—s, and put *saucy* into his discharge, your souls.

IV.

Ve bit him on the short money-bill,

Next we fought him 'bout his brother Billy's place,
When d'expres, (blast his day lights !) just cum't in de nick
For to tell—de K—g he was mending apace.

High B—she ! low Sh—d—n ! twig de Paviour vid de stone in his sleeve for dem !—Who's afraid ? your souls ! I would not run away, boys, tho'f I got the plump lie in my chops. Here's de bit of a ring to fight it out in, your souls ! Five balloon swarthies to de boy dat takes de heels from under de lad of wax on t'ther side of the Green. Oh, C—rr—n, jewel ! you are short ; Square back your souls ! Off, off boys ! Bad luck to dem spalpeens from de country ! Pack up all de speeches for next week, and to de devil vid de hindmost !

V.

Next we fought him on the pension bill,

That Lord S—n his revenge he might take ;
So he pops in his phiz, counts his merry men all,
And tips ould Charley de wink for to speak.

Sweet Charley ! hould to de matter in hand, boy. Enter de pup, your souls ! de best young bull dog in de whole market ! [three cheers] E—n for ever ! Tip him a sup of de naked, to coak de sweat off his eye-brows. Oh ! Mr. Lestrangle, take care of your mace Mr. Cook, put up your papers, till he makes a sally up to de Minister's mazard. Huzza ! boys, for cunning little Isaac ! come down among us on his padroul of honour. Huzza, boys ! it is all our own, your f—s to the gallows ! Huzza for de country gentlemen, your souls !

VI. Mr.

VI.

Mr. Pitt, he's a very bad man,
 As de great Prince abroad he does segay,
 For running down his Buck, here in de Irish land ;
 De places dey will be all tuck awa-gay.

Well, and what suppose, your souls ? When the M—q—s
 crosses de herring brook, it will be all a—e-about in a crack.
 Who dare say Rat ? your souls ! Long F—rb—s, hand down
 de Robin, till his grace puts his mark to it. Oh, by de hokey,
 says his honour, de council, it won't do, unless G—d—y Gr—n
 steals us de stamp-paper. Pad it over, *Lodge*, your soul, to
 de Post-office for some of the fresh wax off my Lord Loftus's
 patent. Huzza, boys, for de Paviour ! up to his elbows in
 the Treasury ; den you'll have your listin' money over again,
 and places rattling about like beggar's bullets, your souls !

VII.

And its den, huzza, for de sweet Liberty,
 And huzza for de boys in a string !
 We'll drive away de M——s get good places for ourselves,
 And do what we please wid de K—g
 Huzza ! boys, your souls to de gallows, for de sweet Liberty
 and a groan for the M——s, and C—t Party.

JOHN FERNS.

Weavers-Square.

T H E

IRISH PLENIPOTENTIARY.

I

ENOUGH did we sing,
 Of the Plenipo's thing,
 Which came from the Barbary coast, Sir,
 But let us alone,
 Plenipo's of her own,
 Hibernia at present can boast, sir ;

N 2

She

She sent them express,
 To present the address,
 Was there e'er such a set of balsharies ?
 And in a damn'd racket,
 They fail'd in the packet,
 The new PLENIPOTENTIARIES.

II.

When they came to the Head,
 They were landed, half dead,
 They got such a damnable tossing ;
 A whole night and day,
 They were bound in the Bay,
 And another they spent, sir, in crossing:
 When they came into Wales,
 They all lug'd out their tails,
 And exhibited curious vagaries ;
 But their bobs were so dry,
 That the girls cried fie,
 At these PLENIPOTENTIARIES.

III.

First L——'s fam'd Duke,
 With a simpering look,
 Took a girl, and swore he would stroke her ;
 But found at each push,
 That he bent like a rush,
 And all he could do was provoke her.
 Then the old Volunteer
 Cried, come hither my dear,
 I'll enter your cunny so hairy ;
 But the General's staff,
 It would make a dog laugh,
 Such a shrunk PLENIPOTENTIARY.

IV.

Then came Tom the Jockey,
 With his Castletown cockey,
 To enter the lifts with his maiden ;
 But she mov'd like Eclipse,
 When he feels spurs and whips,
 And Tom like an ass heavy laden.

Then

Then at the first heat,
 He fell down at her feet,
 And cried, I am distanc'd, dear Mary ;
 Your Black-and-all-black,
 Is so bitter a hack,
 She out run PLENIPOTENTIARY.

V.

This P—n—y saw,
 And he swore by the law,
 That his Fox in her den shou'd take shelter ;
 Tho' he bluster'd so stout,
 Yet she soon smoak'd him out,
 When she found him unable to melt her.
 Then came Killimoon,
 Pot to play her a tune,
 But at the first rub became weary ;
 His fiddle-string snapt,
 And he feign'd himself clapt,
 What a rare PLENIPOTENTIARY.

VI.

At last came O'Neil,
 With his north-country tail,
 But fail'd in th' attempt like the rest, fir ;
 Tho' 'tis said his endeavour,
 Was of all the most clever,
 But ever so bad was the best, fir ;
 This degenerate spawn
 Of the old rebel Shawn,
 Was soon in a woeful quandary ;
 And exclaim'd with a sigh,
 He was ready to die—
 Oh ! the poor PLENIPOTENTIARY.

VII.

Let Hibernia beware,
 And in future take care,
 How she sends such a puny embassy,
 Else all Europe will say,
 Oh, good lack-a-day !
 Poor Granagh is lately run crazy.

Let

Let her envoys be strong,
 A stout aid-de-camp,
 Or a Captain who seldom feels weary ;
 But with ample desire,
 To take the ninth tier,
 Such is a true **PLENIPOTENTIARY**.

RETURNING the other night from the theatre, after the farce of the Apprentice, the merriment which had been there excited, did not cease, even in sleep. Though the persons of the performers were changed, as well as the scene ; and though the passages which the *would-be actors* spouted, were not exactly these I had heard at Crow-street, it was the Apprentice still.—I was at a loss for a good while to discover who acted the part of Dick, till at length I recognized the features of a young *prancing*. He was but a poor Dick ; he frequently seemed to forget himself, or to be overpowered by the crouds around him, all striving to pour out their spouting torrents. He did not however speak, I think, that passage of Ranger, badly :

“ Up I go, neck or nothing, up I go.”

But he was immediately interrupted by a yellow little ill-looking fellow, who was rather advanced in years ; and from whose wig, and look altogether, you would at once pronounce to be a country guager, or searcher, who cried out in all the pompous exultation of Cato,

“ Thanks to the Gods ! my boy has done his duty.”

The little fellow was right fond of hearing himself, though very incoherent in his patch-work—He struck immediately into Richard, and pronounced with great eagerness,

“ My horse, my horse, my kingdom for a horse !”

I was in hopes we had him now for Richard, but he took a great jump from Richard to Othello, assuming the consequential strut and air, declaring in the words of Othello,

“ I have done the state some service—and they know it.”

And

And was proceeding, I suppose, in the words of some other author, to state the *value* he had given—when Dick stepping forward, and waving his hand as if for them all to be seated, began Cato's address to his little senate,

Fathers we once again are met in council,

"Caesar's approach hath summon'd us together,

"And Rome——"

"And her *Rats* are at the point of battle ;

"The one side must have *bane*".

interrupts a dapper fellow, whose smartness spoke him an *Attorney*. The mention of the word *Rat*, seemed to excite the exertions of the whole company.

"And like a Rat, without a tail,

"I'll do, and I'll do and I'll do,

cries out a nasty, outlandish-looking wretch, who was, I believe, a scavenger, if I might judge from the *dirt* that stuck to him ; and indeed, the oddity of his appearance, as he had literally almost two faces under his—hat, did not disqualify him for the character he chose of Macbeth's Witch. These words seemed to excite the indignation of a lusty, well-looking man, who wore spectacles ; he cast on him a look of loathing, and contempt, and replied in the words of Shylock,

"What if my *house* be troubled with a Rat,

"And I be pleased to give *ten thousand ducats*

"To have it *ban'd* ?

A smart little fellow, in a *Serjeant's* uniform instantly made a pass with his rattan, at the poor Scavenger, exclaiming in the words of Hamlet,

"A Rat ! a Rat ! dead for a ducat ? dead.

I was under no small apprehensions for the Scavenger's eyes had not the *Serjeant's* hand been interrupted by a miserable *Slender* figure, which would have answered admirably for the poor *Apothecary* in Romeo, or *Lovegold* in the *Miser*, remonstrating in the words of Pierre,

"*Rats* die in holes and corners,"

The serjeant turned short upon him with Macbeth,

"Avaunt !

"Avaunt! and quit my fight! let the earth hide thee;

"There is no speculation in those eyes

"Which thou dost glare withall.

"If *charnel-houses* and our graves must send

"Those that they *bury-back*—our monuments

"shall be the maws of kites.

"——— The times have been

"That when the *brains were out*, the man would die."

An old invalid, whose face and person resembled pretty strongly the figure of the late king of Prussia, as represented in our signs, seemed determined to support the Scavenger and his friend, but he did not chuse to come single to the attack; he was perpetually looking behind him, with great uneasiness, for some little imps that held his tail, crying out at every moment in the words of Duke and no Duke,

"Meo, Reo, and Aneo, *slick close boys! slick close!*"

Near him, a heavy-looking fellow, whom I thought a Baker famous for his *Rolls*, could think of nothing, but *The Journey to London*, and was indeed, not a bad Sir Francis Wronghead. He frequently repeated,

—"I asked the Minister for a *place of about a thousand a year*, I am afraid I may not get the *first quarter this half-year*."

Behind was a fat, swaggering *Green-born*, who seemed not to be a little in earnest in lamenting the unfortunate issue of some *speculation* he had lately made, exclaiming in the words of poor Beverley,

"What had I to do with gaming?"

Not, indeed, that his circumstances had been the same with Beverley, for he supplied the soliloquy with that passage of *Romeo's Apothecary*,

"My *poverty*, but not my will consents."

But nothing diverted me more than a strange, little, awkward creature, who would be satisfied with nothing but Falstaff—He seemed to exult greatly in that idea of Jack's,

"I have led my *ragamuffins* where they have been *pepper'd*.

"Have

" Have you any *levers* to lift me up,
 " Being down ?"

The word *levers* he pronounced with such an indistinct precipitancy, that had I not known the passage, I should really have thought he said *pavours*. When he was down, numbers together diverted me crying out,

" Would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well."

I began now to be tired, and was not sorry when some one recited, and in a very affecting accent too,

" Old Lear shall be a King again."

Whether these words were an alarm, as a watchword to signify to each of them that his *master was come home*, I know not ; they certainly, at all events, seemed to excite great confusion and uneasiness. The company separated precipitately, oversetting each other in their hurry to escape, swearing they were found out, and would be ruined, and bidding the *devil take the hindmost*.—The noise awakened me ; and I remembered the last words that sounded in my ears, were the exclamations of one L—gr—e, a great way among them, as he was endeavouring to get out,

" What do you call this ;—The *Rat-trap* !

" Marry how ?—tropically.

B. Y.

A S O N G.

To the tune of "*Rebellion has broken up House.*"

Si natura negat facit indignatio versum.

I.

ROUND ROBIN has broken up house,
 And left me old lumber to sell ;
 Come here and take your choice,
 And I'll promise to use you well.

O

Here's

Here's a fine old Irish Crown,
 That Robin was trying to truck ;
 To the K—g we'll knock it down,
 With the bargain G—d send him luck.
 Sing high for our honest old King,
 And his honest young friend—Billy Pitt :
 Damn all the Bats,
 And the Foxes and Rats—
 And may all biters be bit.

II.

Will you buy the Pension Act ?
 'Tis as good as when new, I'm bound ;
 Before in the middle it crackt
 It cost Ten Thousand Pound.
 Here's a hoop that poor Robin made tight,
 But he found it would never bind ;
 And a wonderful pillar whose height
 By its shade in the dark you may find.
 Sing high, &c.

III.

Here's the *place* of every hack,
 You might have them with my good will—
 But I fear Buck has sold them back,
 And taken their Ten Months Bill.
 And plenty of coats—Buff and Blue,
 They are going for any thing fair ;
 Almost as good as new—
 And turned but twice I declare.
 Sing high, &c.

IV.

Set up C—le—t's dancing shoes
 He brought for the Prince of W—s ;
 Harry's patent, and his, if you'd choose
 To buy them without the seals.
 Take three reams of paper they got
 For Acts for the people to win 'em ;
 They are all without blemish or blot,
 For they could not tell what to put in 'em.
 Sing high, &c.

V. Whe

V.

Who bids for my Bull-dog Pup ?

As stout as ere stood upon ground ;

Ere of blood he had tasted a sup,

He stood in Five Hundred Pound.

I've a heap of Scavenger's dirt,

(Scraped up by a Paviour's care)

In B—ck—m's teeth to spirt ;

And I'll sell you a face he can spare.

Sing high, &c.

VI.

Will you buy the police coffee-roasters,

For which they were threatn'd with tats ;

And here is a grofs of cheese toasters,

They got to regale the rats.

I'll sell you the full-bottom'd wig,

That P——y got for the Chair ;

You see its well curl'd and big,

And nothing the worse for the wear.

Sing high, &c.

VII.

And here's a neat couple of stools,

Were sat on by wriggling C—rry :

And here are the Round Robin rules,

That they all forgot in the hurry.

Here's every one's honour and oath ;

And their bonds, and their hands, and their seals,

If to bid for those trifles you're loath,

Why, I'll send 'em a present to Wales.

Sing high, &c.

*An EPISTLE from a certain PERSONAGE here to a
certain person in LONDON.*

WORRIED, perplex'd, and quite sick of my station,

I cordially hate this damn'd *here* Irish nation.

I am nobody now—I have lost my authority,

Nor can bribes, nor can promises gain a majority ;

And what is still worse, that horrid lean Cassius,
 With his cursed pension bill, is determin'd to smash us ;
 But if patents arrive, 'twill be lost, God bethank it,
 By *Ha'spenny, Turnpike, Muster and Blanket.*

'Tis hard, after searching for old guns and powder,
 The cry of profusion should be ev'ry day louder ;
 And tho' I made W——d to cut his own throat,
 Yet all I gain'd by it, was a poor single vote ;
 Still L——r and S——n and L——s oppose me,
 And what vexes me more, Sir John dares to nose me ;
 In short to abuse me they all take delight in,
 Because they all know that I'm not fond of fighting.

But I lie quite retir'd, and save cash at K——m,
 And as to my servants, board wages maintain 'em.
 My picture tho' drawn by the city's commands,
 With a splendid gilt frame, is now left on my hands.

Those volatile Irish, who boast of their spirit,
 To my Dutch education will not allow merit ;
 With knowledge of figures, I figur'd away,
 And studied my Cocker by night and by day ;
 But they think that my knowledge is useless and barren,
 Because I o'er looked all the jobs of friend W——n ;
 And Because at the first I was pliantly civil,
 'They thought I would send the p——e to the Devil !
 And when they expected their taxes should cease,
 I *added* an hundred by way of *decrease* !
 In taxes, addition, I love to distraction,
 But never could bear that damn'd rule of *subtraction*.

Because to transmit the address I refus'd,
 I was censur'd by all, and attack'd and abus'd ;
 I wish when these delegates were in your power,
 You had sent them to Newgate, or else to the Tow'r,
 For daring to go off without my consent—
 Could I see the six hang'd, it would give me content.

Tho' it vex the whole nation, I here will remain
 To get all I can—and your power to maintain.
 If I carry my point, and the money bill passes,
 I then will dissolve them, and shew they are asses.

The

The national purse then I'll drain of its treasures,
 To get in more Hacks who will vote for my measures.
 So C—l—t, G—tt—n and all may go whistle,
 And thus I will end my poetic Epistle.

BOW WOW.

THE LADS OF THE CASTLE.

LET us not be surpriz'd that our Castle young men,
 Are so fond in the Senate to prate,
 Tho' they meet with an ugly rebuff now and then,
 They all have their reasons of state.

Major Hob, I am told, you're learning your trade,
 Sure, you're Viceroy to be, by and by,
 And, tho' no great soldier, as puny a blade,
 Has done, to divide a goose-pye.

Sing Hob in a Well
 Derry down.

Tho' Grattan denies it, young Marcus is right,
 In life's early season to scold,
 If old Proverbs say truly, so learn'd a wight
 Can never expect to be old.

My young spark,
 White Mark.
 Derry down.

That C—k is no native, that mender of schools,
 In his teeth the rude satirist flings,
 Yet who can admire, if our Viceroy he rules,
 When his father was master of Kings.

Sing C—k the great clerk
 Derry down.

W—y P—e, with the refuse of Downing-street fare,
 Came crying, a piping hot speech, (1)
 He swore it was hot, but before we got share,
 'Twas as cold and as flat as his breech.

And sing piping-hot P—e.

(1) This gentleman made a most cold and phlegmatic speech this session, and was all the time apologizing for the ardour of his manner.

My lads, if you're wise, you will limit your aim,
 To pudding so solid, I wot,
 And think for your comfort, in missing of fame,
 What else has fat Bucky e'er got.

And sing Bucky so fat,
 Derry down.

A NEW AND TRAGICAL

B A L L A D.

*The barbarous, and bloody murder of POOR ROBIN, who
 was brought to a shameful end by the hands of wicked men, near
 the Castle of Dublin, in the month of March, 1789.*

I.

FOR whom was kill'd poor Robin?
 For me, says the M——s,
 To fatten my carcase,
 For me was kill'd poor Robin.

II.

Who was it kill'd poor Robin?
 'Twas I says F——n,
 My tongue ran so glib on,
 'Twas I that kill'd poor Robin.

III.

Who was it saw him fall?
 'Twas I says Lord S——n.
 True disciple of Mammon.
 'Twas I that saw him fall.

IV. Who

*The a'ove are notes to be sung—here follow the notes to be said
 on the death of Poor Robin.*

1. Whosoever sheddeth the innocent blood let him be accursed.
 And all the birds said amen. *Vide Fitzgerald's trial, and the
 service for Ash Wednesday.*
2. In spite of St. Mathew, this Lord's example has proved,
 that the worship of God and Mammon are not incompatible.

IV.

Who was it caught his blood ?

'Twas I says Bob D—b—n,

3.

Whilst boiling and bubbling,

'Twas I that caught his blood,

V.

Who was it mourned his fall ?

'Twas I says old H—ll,

4.

With my black bill,

'Twas I that mourned his fall.

VI.

Who was it wak'd poor Robin ?

'Tis I says T—ne,

5.

With my two eyes in one,

'Twas I that wak'd poor Robin.

VII.

Who was it rang the bell ?

'Twas I says white M—k

6.

As blythe as a lark,

'Twas I that rang the bell.

- 3 This office was peculiar to the High Priest of old. *Vide* Kennet—but a question may arise from a sort of obscurity in the text, whether it was the Bird's or Bishop's blood that boiled and bubbled—for the honour of the Church, I hope, it may not be decided by a *Carpenter*.
- 4 The noble Lord's *lachrimatory* speeches on the recovery of the *good old K—g*, will not be very inapplicable on the present occasion—for we say such a person has a *Hawk's Bill* when he has the *Hawk's appetites*, or we say such a person has a *Turtle's bill*, when he professes in old age the anurous dispositions of that bird.
- 5 The intenseness with which this noble Lord viewed the body of Poor Robin during his sitting up at the wake, left it should be carried away, produced the melancholy effect mentioned in the text.
- 6 Mr. Grattan is pledged to reply to this *whiteheaded Boy*, as soon as he arrives at the years of discretion—'till then we advise him to stick to the belfry.

VIII.

Who was it made the grave ?

'Twas I says fat D—l—n,

7

With digging and delving,

'Twas I that made the grave

IX.

Who was it sung the dirge ?

'Twas I says D——ore,

8

Having *ballads* in store,

'Twas I that sung the dirge.

X.

Who was it read the prayers ?

'Twas I says bob D——y,

9

In a sad dismal way,

'Twas I that read the prayers.

XI

Who was it said Amen ?

'Twas I says pert C——k,

10.

With assassins-like look.

'Twas I that said Amen.

-
7. For this young Nobleman we could find neither rhyme nor reason—none but himself can be his parallel.
8. The *ingenious* Dr. P—y is the sole instance of a man's obtaining a Bishopric, by the means of an *old song*—whether his Lordship will ever part with it for *one*, must be left to time to decide.
9. The ingratitude alone of this Gentleman to the Poor Robin, gave him an irresistible claim in the eyes of the M——s to the solemn office.
10. Assassins-like look is here well applied, for it is notorious that the unholy Clerk, instead of attending to the humble duties of his desk, is continually employed as a spy upon the congregation, for the mean purpose of blasting their fair fame.

T H E

T H E
QUAKING and SHAKING, FEARS, CONFESSIONS,
AND DECLARATIONS

O F T H E
R O B I N S.

L A N—E.

I WAS once in high favour, and made a commissioner,
But took too deep a *dip*, and am now a contritioner ;
I swore I was drunk—but would henceforth be sober,
Or else, like the taylor, was surely done over.

Over, over, oh !

B———E.

Ogh good people all, I'm in the same state,
Brought into it, dear Christians, by my own, near relate ;
But damn him, I'll quit him, ask pardon of Marquis,
And pawn truth and honour, for the sake of my carcase.

Carcase, carcase ; oh, I'm done over !

C——E.

At the head of the Barracks, I cut a great figure,
None splutter'd so much, at least no one look'd bigger ;
But was out in my politics, and nothing can save me,
Except t'other touch at your new made Ginnevy.

Nevy, nevy, nothing can save me,

I'm gone to perdition if Bucky won't save me.

P———T.

I had got all I ask'd, and more than I wanted,
Whatever I wish'd for, was instantly granted ;
But I was ungrateful, and ought to be damn'd for't.
Dick loses the revenue, I shall lose Strangford.

Strangford, Strangford, will not be damn'd for't,

My life shall repent it, so I'll not be damn'd for't.

E—G—N.

Had I at the bar been content with my wig and gown,
But Hell to your politics, they have cost me five hundred pound,
You promis'd a place, but away all your hopes have fled—
Send me five hundred pound, or I'll send you a bit of lead,

For I am done over,

P

A N E W
IRISH COUNTRY DANCE.

I.

AT a dance, my dear friend, very lately I've been,
A comical hop, that was in Collège-green ;
No sooner had G———n the music began,
Than from one side to to'ther like fools, they all ran.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

H.

Young Charley led off, he danc'd down, and then set,
And into his place, back again, strove to get ;
But C———k had got in it,—a lad that stands fast,
So Charley was shov'd, one by one, to the last.

Derry down, &c.

III.

Next B———e, with C———, hand in hand did begin,
Says the Knight, my dear C—e, you finell foully of *Gin* ;
Avast there ! says C—e, don't you throw the first stone—
You know, my dear Jack, you've had jobs of your own,

Derry down, &c.

IV.

Then G———n roar'd out, huzza boys ! huzza !
See C—nc—r Jack now begins to *Chaffée* ;
Have at him old Charley, now shuffle the brogue,
And tip him a squeeze you salacious old rogue.

Derry down, &c.

V.

Now C——n cry'd out—play up Mr. G——n ;
Then *casting off nimbly*, he turn'd a *Miss H——n*,
A smooth-fac'd young lady, but dress'd in boys cloathes,
And by no means a man, as Fame's trumpet loud blows.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

There was an old *Prancer*, call'd *Turn-about Jack*,
'Twas said he had been a most damnable hack ;
Was famous for prancing when full in his prime,
But sad to relate—he did now mistake time.

Derry down, &c.

VII. Then

VII.

Then P——y mov'd and danc'd corners at F——d,
 Then he baulk'd at the Chair, and turn'd round Lodgy Mud;
 Lodgy Mud, whose old fire, that for dullness long fam'd,
 Was bewig'd in the street, and Mud was nick-nam'd.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

Then E——n set off, but he seem'd not to know,
 To which side or other 'twas best for to go;
 But soon recollecting—off quickly he flew
 'To that side he saw the most numbers go to.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

I observ'd too, that B——e, he seem'd much at a loss,
 He danc'd down the middle, then over did cross;
 But when crossing over, he made too long strides,
 Rigadoon'd once or twice, and danc'd out at the sides.

Derry down, &c.

X.

I was much entertain'd, but it happen'd too soon,
 One P——ns came in, put the flute out of tune;
 So quickly the dancers join'd hands in a ring,
 And cried, altogether, we'll make a new King,

Derry down, &c.

S O N G S
 O F T H E
 P A D L O C K,
 A P O L I T I C A L F A R C E.

L O R D S H——N.

THOUGHTS to council—let me see—
 Hum!—to be or not be a patriot, is the question;
 A Dukedom, must that follow?

Say what men will,
 A pension bill,
 Is bitter to swallow,
 And hard of digestion.

P 2

But

But fear makes the danger seem double ;
 Says G—t—n, what mischief can trouble
 My place, should I venture to try you ?
 Dick L—fi—d I'll work,
 In the city of Cork ;
 His few votes in the House
 I don't value a louse ;
 Then Bucks, Bucks, I defy you !

PR ——— T.

I know the law, tho' I say't :
 I am so cautious and wise,
 The world feels surprize,
 My prudence nodding
 To catch of late.
 Never fear, Sir,
 My safety is here, Sir,
 Yes, yes,
 Though my project I miss,
 Let me alone ;
 To the K—g I will swear,
 Were it not for *my* care,
 They'd have totter'd the throne.

ROUND ROBIN.

Say was there ever so foolish a thing ?
 Whither, ah whither, shall we wing
 Our airy flight ?
 Nor Prince, nor King,
 Can think us in the right ;
 No, no, no,
 Our jobbing they well do know.
 Oh ! were the Marquis gone to sea,
 Then how happy should we be.

Sir J. B——.

Were I a Scavenger to sweep
 The streets—my b——s I would keep
 At public cost, in open day,
 And pensions should my wenches pay.

But

But should the Viceroy of the King,
 Not countenance each blasted thing,
 Then, in the Senate I would scold,
 And scorn him, tho' my place I hold ;
 To get another I would try,
 Or, with Round Robin, make him fly.

C — R R — N.

Oh wherefore this terribly flurry ?
 I'll tip them a speech in a hurry ;
 When I let my tongue go,—
 At each friend and each foe,
 I rattle away, hurry scurry.
 Now quite out of sight I am jumping,
 Then plumping,
 Up jumping,
 And thumping,
 What the question may be,
 'Tis quite equal to me ;
 Soon reason may leave me,
 My senses deceive me,
 Or a great man I'm destin'd to be.

G O D F R E Y G ———.

Dear heart, what a terrible guess I have made,
 Tho' I was better both shelter'd and fed :
 Night and day 'tis the same,
 Ned Hunt makes his game,
 Oh ! I thought the K—g was as good as dead !
 What's now to be done ?
 I must cut and run.
 Godfrey here ! Godfrey there !
 Godfrey every where !
 I was high—now I'm low !
 I must go, I must go ;
 Oh ! Oh !
 Me thought him the same ting as dead !

But

But let me when my heart's a sinking,
 Have one jovial bout of drinking ;
 When Harry speak,
 Such mischief he make,
 Me soon am cur'd of tinkling.
 Then there's C—te, C—te, C—te,
 That steady lad, C—te ;
 And D—s B—n,
 And D—s B—n,
 To boot ;
 May talk of the King,
 'Till he make the house ring ;
 But tied in his garters, poor Godfrey may fwing.

From an English paper we give the

FINAL EXIT

OF THE

SIX REGENCY MAKERS.

Mr. BURKE.

WITH all the sanctity of manners for which his countenance is so well formed, put on his spectacles, and lifting up his eyes and of course his glasses, to heaven, pronounced the following grace, to which the company joined their *Amen*, or *So be it* :—

AIR—“ *Care, thou canker of our joys.*”

Our Bill it died last Thursday night,

And ye must go to-morrow ;

Six Irishmen in doleful plight,

Trudging home with sorrow.

Then get ye gone, and tell that fate

Which these sad tidings bring,

That you were just a day too late

To supercede the King.—

Mr. *Sheridan* proposed that the company should not go away with dry lips. It was the custom in Ireland to have a *wet* always at parting. Bottles and glasses were therefore placed on the

the table ; and Mr. *Courteney* being appointed toast-master it was agreed to sit for an hour, and not more as His Royal Highness had business elsewhere, and the Duke of York had a *set at tennis*, which called him to his Court at the same time.

Mr. *Courteney* gave, “ *New Ireland and its Kingdom Makers.* ”

The Prince said he would drink, “ *Old Ireland and its Lawful King.* ”

Lord C—— declared that was synonymous to his friend *Courteney's* toast ; for *old* and *new* were *exactly alike* when they meant one and the same thing.

The Duke of *York* gave, “ The Army and the Constitution. The D—— wished to know whether the volunteers of Ireland were included as his noble friend Lord C—— had the honour of being Constitutional Commander of those forces, without either the *appointment* of his sovereign, or the sanction of *law*, and if so it would be proper for the noble Earl to withdraw whilst his own health, and that of his corps were drinking.

The Duke of *York* said, that his Lordship need not deprive the company of his presence.

Mr. *Courteney* call'd upon Bishop *WRONGSIDE* for a song.

His Lordship excused himself as he had none but what were *chemically* prepared.

The Bishop of *Osnaburgb* insisted that the learned prelate should either sing or fine.

Any thing sooner than the payment of fines with the church ; so the Bishop sung,

AIR — “ *And a begging we will go.* ”

Of all the trades a-going

A Bishop is the best,

For while the Rector's trudging,

His Lordship is at rest.

My cassock was a poor one,

And lowly was my station,

But *Analysis* Politic

Soon gave it new translation.

Then

Then here's to Fox and Loughbro'

Those *Chimists* at first sight,

Who from simple nothing made

A phlegm call'd *Prince's Right*.

This song received all the plaudits it so richly merited ! and George Hanger swore, though he never troubled himself with even *analizing* a taylor's bill, that he should follow the Right Reverend Pielate's directions, and try if it was possible by chemistry, to translate himself into a new suit of clothes.

Mr. *Burke* being called upon for a toast, gave, " Health to Mr. *Hastings*."

This astonished all the company, and an explanation was called for. The Right Honourable Gentleman said, that the death of Mr. *Hastings* would at this time be their utter ruin. That public delinquent was the only prop to their expiring cause—the only subjection which they could display their eloquence ; and though the great bulk of mankind now plainly perceived that the MOTIVES of the prosecution were *self-interest* not *public good*, yet the Parliamentary sanction, already given to this procedure, must afford a fine field for a *political rancour*—a rancour that from all the late disappointments of the Party, was now in its meridian of malice. He desired the company to recollect, that Opposition were much lowered in the esteem of the people by the late attacks against the Sovereign ; and that it was necessary for them to retrieve their characters, by quitting a MAJORITY that was invulnerable, to torture a subject they had already wounded—Hence it was that he wished *health to Mr. Hastings*.

Mr. *Fox* begged to explain this matter to the Irish Delegates—Mr. *Hastings* was the BULL now to be baited, the REGENCY MONSTER being dead ; and he hoped that this matter would be taken up in the Irish Parliament, the two houses there having just as constitutional a right to impeach an India Governor, as they had to interfere in the appointment of a Regent for the British dominions.

Mr. *Hastings*' health was drank on this explanation ; and the time now arriving for the departure of the Regent Makers, one of the most tender scenes that can be imagined took place.

But

His———r, when he got up to take leave, was so full that he could not speak. A flood of tears gushed from his eyes and falling with great rapidity on the table, swept away Lord —— snuff-box,

This tender tribute of sorrow shot like lightning through the company and every man was affected except the prince of Wales who by royal prerogative is exempted from crying like a subject. He did, however, all in his power to DRY UP THOSE TEARS and ringing the bell for Weltjee, order'd half a dozen mops, and as many pails which was accordingly done, and the footmen continued soaking up and squeezing until the fountains of grief were exhausted, and no more water could flow.

The tears being removed, and carried home to Bishop Wrongside's laboratory, there to be DEPHLEGMATED, either by *distillation* or *sublimation*, so as to separate the Bodies preparatory to their being *concentrated*, in order to extract what was pure; and the room being made as dry as possible after such an inundation, the Regency Makers embraced their friends, and *bugging* and *kissing* according to the custom of Ireland, made their bow and departed.

THE DOUBLE GREENWICH COACH

had been previously prepared by the party; and that every honourable compliment might be paid to these great men, the Prince purchased

SIX MILK-WHITE BULLS,

who were yoked to it after the Hibernian fashion with straw collars, vulgarly known by the name of SUGGONS, and twisted willows made into *Gads* in the place of traces.

The COACHMAN

was selected from among the lustiest and best looking chairmen that could be found in St. James's street, and The POSTIL-LION, in hay boots and *straw* saddle, made a very respectable figure on the nearest of the two leading bulls,

Q

The

The _____ and _____

took their seats in the first coach, and the second held

Mr. C—,	Mr. O'N—,
Mr. S—,	Mr. P—,

who threw halfpence to the crowd as they passed along, waving their hats out of the coach windows until they had got to the turn into St. James's-street, that being the road they took, intending to pursue their journey by the way of Oxford, that they might call at Mr. Burke's as they passed by Beconsfield.

TWENTY-FOUR NODDIES,

at the Prince's own expence brought from Dublin, conveyed the servants two in each. These followed the double coach, and were drawn by Jack-asses.

THE

THE
POLITICAL MIRROR,

BEING PARODIES ON THE

S O N G S

OF THE

POOR SOLDIER.

BY

SCRIBLERIUS MURTOUGH O'PINDAR,

Author of the CRIES OF BLOOD, the NETTLE, the
BEGGAR'S OPERA, &c.

AND POET LAUREAT TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE

MARQUIS OF GRIMBALDO,

GOVERNOR OF BARATARIA.

Dramatis Personæ.

Friends to Barataria.

D—e of L—r.	Mr. F—b—s.
L—d Ch—nt.	Mr. S—ew—t.
Sir E—d N—h—m.	Mr. G—tt—n.
Mr. C—ll—y.	Mr. P—y.
Mr. O'N—ll.	Mr. Ham It-n R—n.

Marquis of Grimaldo and Hacks.

MARQUIS.	Mr. H—b—t.
L—d Ty—e.	M—s B—f—d.
L—d M—ingt—n.	L—d P—n—y.

T H E
P O L I T I C A L M I R R O R.

AIR I. " *Sleep on, sleep on.*"

H A M - L T - O N R — N.

AROUSE, Hibernia!—rouse, though late,
To visit honour's shrine ;
Yet dost thou mourn thy fall'n state,
Condemn'd in chains to pine !
Thy sons are fir'd—the morning breaks,
Of freedom on thy shore :
Corruption flies while virtue wakes,
Thy glory to restore.

AIR II. " *Dear Kathleen.*"

M A R Q U I S.

DEAR M—ington, you no doubt,
Find gold how very sweet 'tis,
Hacks bark, and Forbes has crow'd out,
To bribe you almost late 'tis,
This morning gay,
I post away,
To take you surely into pay ;
So high I'll bid,
No more you'll need,
To murmur for a pension.
Last night my thoughts so flat in,
Through Shannon, Neal and Loftus,
I ask'd of Harry Grattan,
To vote as Foster oft does,

His

His anger rose,
 My blood he froze,
 The little member cock'd his nose ;
 So high I'll bid,
 No more you'll need,
 To murmur for a pension.

AIR III. " *Since love is the plan.*"

L—D P—R R—Y.

SINCE gold is the plan,
 I'll catch all I can,
 The Viceroy I'll court, though a foe to the man,
 An orator fit,
 I'll season with wit,
 Whatever is wrong while I'm voting for Pitt.
 I'll think on myself, Sir,
 And grasp all the pelf, Sir,
 And barter my voice while the nation is bit.
 Though haughty he be,
 The Marquis shall see,
 He never can conquer unaided by me,
 To secrete a lob,
 To manage a job,
 And rail at injustice, while others we rob ;
 This is my delight.
 By day and by night,
 Im his if he's mine ; until then I'll be free.

D U E T.

MARQUIS AND HACK.

MARQ. OUT of my sight, or your wig I'll pull ;
 HACK. I'll fit you soon for your haughty skull ;
 MARQ. I'll turn you out to appease my pride ;
 HACK. To-night I'll vote on the other side.
 MARQ. A place and pension ;
 HACK. What's that you mention ?

MARQ.

MARQ. Go train your hacks with your fiddle dee dee,

A hireling staunch is the man for me,

HACK. A whipper in— is there any like me.

MARQ. Like bridewell to me the Senate seems,

HACK. The morning air like a cook's shop steams ;

MARQ. I look in the glass and view disgrace ;

HACK. I'll vote you out though I lose my place.

MARQ. A place and pension, &c.

(Exeunt severally)

AIR V. "The twins of Latona."

Mr. G—T—N.

THE rights of my country are first in my view,

O'Neal is a friend to her cause,

And Forbes lends an aid to our liberties true,

And Stewart would bleed for our laws :

The wish of my soul is corruption to drive

From the senate, which now it defiles ;

While Pitt seeks to trick us, against him I'll strive,

And break through and baffle his wiles.

Our party strengthens and sweet is their cry,

Yet sweeter the sound of the people's reply ;

Be steady—be honest—our object's in view ;

'Tis justice we seek for, and freedom pursue.

From his Castle the Marquis dejected peeps out,

Our censures his bosom assail ;

He sighs—while o'ertaken by terror and doubt,

His courage and constancy fail ;

Surrounded by foes, he no longer can stay,

Hopes fade from his view on each side,

Repenting, deserted, he hastens away,

Despair taking place of his pride.

Our party still strengthens, &c.

AIR VI. "The meadows look chearful."

Mr. F—B—S.

HIBERNIA looks chearful, her hopes now revive,

So boldly against her opposers we strive ;

Our freedom establish'd we firmly will guard,

And English influence for ever discard.

Ye

Ye placeman of Ireland, ah ! cease to betray,
 Nor injure your country so basely for pay,
 Tho' titles and places, and pensions are fine,
 They glad not the heart with such feelings as mine,

AIR VII. “ *How happy the soldier.* ”

Mr. O'N—LL.

HOW happy the country whose people are free,
 Who know no countroul but the monarch they see ;
 With a Parliament scorning each venal disguise,
 Incorruptible—honest—undaunted and wise.

Their sails whiten ocean, where'er the winds blow,
 Their soldiers intrepid, o'ercome ev'ry foe.
 They rush like a whirlwind, resistless, to war,
 And fame wafts their glory, encreasing, afar.

Sublime and majestic—the soul-moving bard,
 Incites them each birthright, determined, to guard ;
 To virtue and honour he rouses the throng,
 While freedom, exulting, re-echoes his song.

AIR VIII. “ *The wealthy fool.* ”

Sir E——— N—NH—X.

THE wealthy Lord, with gold in store,
 Asks places, tho' he does not need them ;
 I ask of heaven, on earth no more,
 Than life to view my country's freedom.

Though fortune ever glads his door,
 He seeks for more than fate decreed him ;
 Content I'd be—if ever sure,
 Of life to view my country's freedom.

A I R IX.

MARQUIS.

The Senate at first meeting,
 Had hirelings from conscience free,
 With compliments and greeting,
 To Ireland the welcom'd me ;

Though

Though easy then to rule them,
Smiling, gay, and supple too.
I can no longer school them,
And now to pride I bid adieu ! [Exit. Marq.]

Enter G—T—N.

How close we seem'd united ;
On liberty, truth and right,
How was my soul delighted ?
Now dimm'd is each prospect bright ;
Some traitors are brought over,
What sums it must the nation cost,
I plainly can discover,
By what the pension bill was lost.

AIR X. " *Though late I was plump.*"

MARQUIS.

THOUGH late I was grave, proud and haughty,
I'm now grown as meek as a mouse ;
My loftiness surely was faulty,
It lost all my friends in the House.

*Dootherum, doodle adgity, nadgety, tradgety, rum,
Goofeterum, foodle idgity, fidgety nidgety, mum.*

Dear Shannon, then why did you quit me,
A Marquis so noble and high ;
I've every thing that can besit me,
Your interest too in my eye.

Dootherum, doodle, &c.

You know I have scraped up much money,
All means to amass it I try'd ;
My brows shall be smiling and sunny,
And nothing you ask be deny'd.

Dootherum, doodle, &c.

My foes rise in numbers around me,
Proud Leinster—with Grattan—O'Neill,
O how all their censures confound me,
But join me, I'll surely prevail.

Dootherum, doodle, &c.

R

AIR.

AIR XI. "Farewell ye groves."

D—E OF L—R.

TAKE back your place, I scorn a pension,
 Each promise I despise from you ;
 With conscience clear, and just intention,
 To all your smiles I bid adieu.

But oh ! may all my hopes most dear,
 My constant zeal, the love sincere,
 Which to my native land I bear,
 Burn on thro' life with fervour new.

AIR XII. "Tho' Leixlip is proud."

Mr. C—L L—Y.

THOUGH England may boast of her maritime glory,
 Her great population and lucrative trade,
 Her cities so ample and famous in story,
 Her nobles so rich, and the conquests she made ;
 As each his own country must still make the most of,
 In praise of Hibernia I hope I'm not wrong ;
 Hibernia possessing what kingdoms may boast of,
 Truth, genius and valour—the theme of my song.

Let Irishmen honour and love one another,
 No people superior all Europe can show ;
 Let none for religion fall out with a brother,
 But join hand in hand 'gainst their insolent foe ;
 Then soon shall they rise into just estimation,
 Wealth, commerce and glory shall bless them e'er long,
 And all other people admire in our nation,
 Truth, genius and valour—the theme of my song !

AIR XIII. *Dear Sir, this brown jug.*

L—D C—M T.

DEAR Sir, this gold box which I clasp in my hand,
 Holds a relique more precious than Kings can command,
 The heart of a freeman—whose honest brave soul,
 No bribe could allure and no Viceroy control ;
 In the senate he sat, to his country endear'd,
 And the name of great Lucas shall e'er be rever'd.

Forgetting his interest and glowing with zeal,
 Despising what dangers himself might assail,
 The generous enthusiast, boldly arraign'd
 That power whose meanness and guilt he disdain'd,
 Persecuted—yet honour'd, and lov'd in exile,
 His worth Virtue saw and approv'd with her smile.

For Ireland—expiring the patriot pray'd,
 And yielded his breath in her cause undismay'd ;
 His country in mourning, lamented his end,
 And bath'd with her tears the pale corse of her friend.
 In death, what more noble could mortal receive ?
 When virtue and liberty wept o'er his grave.

A I R XIV. “ You know I'm your priest.”

L—D T Y—E to a Hack.

YOU know I'm a lord, and your interest's mine,
 And if you're imprudent, it's not a good sign,
 So leave opposition to brawling and strife,
 And soon with a pension you're settled for life.

Sing Ballynamona oro

The sweets of a pension for me.

A Bill being mov'd for—to speaking you go,
 No matter how wrong,—it's the same thing you know,
 You rail for the court,—what you've got off by rote,
 And strike your adversaries dumb with a—vote.

Sing Ballynamona oro, &c.

Though no one attends, yet you still prate away,
 Viceroy's can reward, and 'tis yours to obey,
 He gives you his friendship to have and to hold,
 You get into place and then pocket your—gold.

Sing Ballynamona oro, &c.

The people may curse both the Marquis and you,
 What matter for that—though it may be your due,
 A suite of gay servants—fine house and rich plate,
 With an equipage noble, shall lackey your state.

Sing Ballynamona oro, &c.

Of consequence grown—now you're courted all round,
 A peerage comes next—with a title you're crowned,
 'Tis then "please your lordship" I think you're at home,
 You're raised above changes, whatever may come.

Sing Ballynamona oro, &c.

A I R XV. *A poor Curate.*

****'s fit for any fray,
 Churlish, stout, and fond of bruising ;
 **** on paper fires away,
 Credit, truth and temper losing.
 Louts, loobies, empty boobies,
 Cease this mock'ry of religion,
 Pray'rs you make your daily bread,
 And in church—the public.—pigeon.

**** trucks his dirty vote,
 Gold commands, his spirit venal ;
 **** would cut each Cath'lick's throat,
 Through charity, by statutes penal.
 Louts, loobies, &c.

**** at his tradesmen swears,
 Beats his servants for his pleasure ;
 **** will sometimes say his pray'rs,
 But much oftener counts his treasure.
 Louts, loobies, &c.

**** walks a chairman's pace,
 Bites his lips, indignant scowling ;
 **** speeds on with dumpling grace,
 Like a bloated porpoise rowling.
 Louts, loobies, &c.

A I R XVI.

M A R.

WE the point may carry,
 If a while I tarry,
 But for you
 Know it is true.
 I dread that little Harry.

We t be point, &c.

M—R

M—R H—B—T.

Gold our fears dispelling,
Hope our sorrows quelling,
Bow and smile
You'll beguile,
Bribes are all compelling.

Gold our fears, &c.

M—S B—S—D.

To the house I'll hasten,
There on Grattan fasten,
At nought I'll stick,
Through thin and thick,
Since we have got this pass in.

To the house, &c.

M A R.

No Viceroy since the first has
E'er been so cross'd or curs'd as,
The man you see
Not one like me,
Pitt—no share in the dust has.

No viceroy, &c.

A I R XVII.

G—T T—N.

IF ev'ry member prove untrue,
The course of honour I'll pursue,
I'll brave this haughty pedant's pride,
And stem corruption's whelming tide ;
I'll bring to light each secret scheme,
And load his memory with shame.

F—B—S.

Though in the upper house are found,
A herd of principles unsound,
Who voted down the pension bill,
Let's bravely hope to pass it still ;
May each be curs'd a thousand fold,
Who dares betray our rights for gold.

G—T T—N

G—T—N.

Oh! what is glory but a name,
 Or what the empty voice of fame,
 What honours—titles—wealth—or place,
 Compar'd to virtue's hour of peace;
 A nobler pride from freedom springs,
 Than ever swell'd the pomp of kings.

A I R XVIII.

L E—S T—R.

WHAT true felicity I shall find,
 When all are join'd
 Whom truth should bind,
 How pleasing to see
 All Irishmen free,
 Each rising by worth to high station.

C H—L—T.

No worthless hireling should grieve us,
 Yet heaven may please to give us
 Some lucky hour,
 To blast the power,
 Which withers the strength of the nation.

C H O R U S. *No worthless, &c.*

L E—S T—R.

My fortune I at home will spend,
 Till life shall end,
 My tenants' friend;
 This you may believe
 Their wants to relieve,
 Is the pleasure which highest delights me.

S T—W—R T.

Had heaven our just wishes granted,
 And given the freedom we wanted.
 How blest'd would we be,
 All happy and free,
 Ev'n the thought—for past troubles requites me.

C H O R U S. *Had heaven, &c.*

Some

O'N—L L.

Some imprudent hacks, at a pretty rate.
 Of freedom prate,
 In loud debate ;
 Each vile dirty soul,
 Whose's under controul,
 To honour; forsooth, lays pretensions.

F ——— B ——— S.

Ye Irish who've been tried already,
 O can you persist and be steady,
 For Ireland agree,
 And shortly you'll see,
 We'll be free in spite of prevention.

CHORUS, *Ye Irish &c.*

C—N N—Y.

No worthless hireling cares a bean
 For Ireland's pain,
 His gilded chain,
 Each hugs with pleasure,
 And counts his treasure,
 Though loaded with disgrace for ever.

G—T T—N.

The commons still keep in the field, Sir,
 Nor will they so easily yield, Sir,
 While we're crown'd with fame,
 The nobles from shame,
 No titles or power can shield, Sir,
 Then let us unite
 Our cause is the right,
 The Marquis now hopes that we'll humble,
 But e'er long his pride,
 With that of his side,
 Though lofty, will certainly tumble.

CHORUS. *Then let us unite, &c.*

A N

A N E P I S T L E

From a CERTAIN PERSONAGE here to HIS EMPLOYER in London.

I BELIEVE my dear Coz, that you will allow,
That a good share of merit is due to Bow Wow ;
I have made these here fellows to cut their own throats,
And from their own pockets have purchas'd their votes.

Jack Prancer, whose virtue is like that of Peg's,
Will prance to my tune with the gout in both legs ;
He at first was as coy as an artful old whore,
And held out for terms—that I might bid more :
But by fair and by foul means I nick'd him at last,
As Comptroller of St—gf—d I now have him fast.

Jack Copper so bashful, so modest, and coy,
Now expresses his grief, now expresses his joy,
Tho' he votes with us still, and is zealous and hearty,
By compliments strives to keep fair with each party ;
Like a bowl on he wabbles, push'd on by the bias
Of further preferment for brother Matt—s.

Like yourself, I will venture thro' thick and thro' thin,
And none who oppose me shall now be kept in ;
I know I am hated by every man here,
Like the Devil I'm worshipp'd—not from love but from fear.
New places and peerages are charming fine scraps,
For, like Rats, I must lure them by baits to my traps.

Their Lordships the bishops, men of learning and parts,
In composing of pray'rs have been breaking their hearts ;
And his good Grace of D— quits money affairs,
And boxing his Clergy—for thanksgiving pray'rs.
The rest all assisted, like godly divines,
And forgo for the time the computing of fines ;
Their zeal for the cause much inflam'd their devotion,
But not the expectance of future promotion.

Tho'

Tho' to places of worship I seldom resort,
 To Christ church I'll go with the state of the court :
 I hope that affairs will go smooth at St. Paul's,
 Tho' the proverb be stale—that ears are in walls.
 You'll be edified much if your friend Willis preaches
 For doubly as Doctor he tutors and teaches.

L——r and C——t both made me sick,
 And Sh——n, I fear will be *standfast Dick* ;
 But I've got special men now to give me advice,
 For C——ky and H——t know ev'ry man's price ;
 They bully and wheedle—they know each member's face,
 And convey in the nick a Bank note or a place :
 They found out that P——by was but a straw,
 And that B——d was well vers'd in the Revenue law.
 And C——ky a man of fine satyr and wit,
 Thought himself for the War-office only was fit ;
 But he still shall continue, as usual, to write
 The sharpest invectives his pen can indite ;
 He shall pay to my measures the homage that's due,
 And profusely be lavish of praises to you ;
 Whilst none of my foes from his R o b is exempt,
 The Prince he shall treat with the most *Sovereign* contempt :
 On his Highness's marriage he still shall insist,
 And to urge *convalescence* he must ever persist.

Some rogues, with their jibes in the newspapers say,
 A successor to me comes from Botany Bay ;
 But I value them all not the dirt of my shoe,
 So I pocket the cash—and am useful to you.

I have got the supplies—off the junto shall pack,
 To get them new seats and their tenants to rack ;
 When once I am rid of that cursed Round Robin,
 For interest and Votes I will set them a bobbing,
 And then I can turn out all at my pleasure,
 Who dare to oppose any favourite measure.
 I hope Th——w and C——d——n approve of me now.
 I am, my dear Coz, your devoted

BOW WOW.

BOW WOW'S ANSWER to his EMPLOYER.

I RECEIV'D, my dear Coz, your obliging epistle—
 The Irish, like spaniels, attend to my whistle.
 I have open'd their eyes—they discern like wise men.
 And are now reconcil'd to the votes of Excise-men.

Though guagers in troops are sent down to D—an,
 And compos'd of old footmen thus rescu'd from starving ;
 With numbers to S—ds, not distillers to watch
 But to vote for a friend and for counsellor H—

Poor M—r—s he yelp'd and tho' well he intended,
 He injur'd the cause he so basely defended ;
 His speech was ungarded, and in his chit chat,
 From out of the bag he let fairly the cat.
 Bur C—n more fond than a monkey of play,
 Wish'd to ship off the guagers for Botany Bay,
 The viper himself I could wish to transport,
 To teach better manners to men of his sort ;
 Calling Cookey and H——exotics, was bad—
 But his freedom with me, I must own, made me mad.

To C—— C—— I went on the Thanksgiving day,
 With a stronger intention to watch than to pray ;
 To judge from the *quantum* of each man's devotion,
 Who was worthy or not of his future promotion ;
 I look'd round upon all and most nicely commented
 On those who were present, and those who absented.

I gave a grand dinner in our spacious fine Hall,
 Lord ! my *Baron of beef* quite astonish'd them all ;
 For as I invited the chiefs of my party,
 I determin'd *for once* to make them eat hearty ;
 And tho' they all say I am poor and penurious,
 I gave them a dinner would please *Epicurus*.

Hall,

Our Prætor again by absurd Proclamation,
 Forth issued his mandate for illumination ;
 No wonder it struck many folks with amaze,
 That our Mansion was dark and the town in a blaze.

But

But fools who wish only to shew their affections,
Are often too busy in giving directions.

The Knight by political skill in astrology,
Forefaw turning out, and so made an apology ;
I know him right well as a mere cunning shaver,
Let him still stamp his frizes, and still be a paviour ;
In scorning resentment, I think I shew'd sense,
For a Bailiff or Cow-boy can't give me offence.

L——s and Co. are come in with submissions,
And others are striving to make their conditions ;
So that boasting apart, I may venture to say
Our affairs in this country are in a good way ;
And nothing untoward can possibly fall,
If the damn'd jaunt to H—— does not spoil all.

But Saturday last was the cream of the jest,
For then their whole *virtue* was put to the test ;
They refus'd to receive their Committee's report,
And the cries of the people rais'd slaughter and sport.
Your Bow, then, can boast—and without ostentation,
He could get their concurrence to ruin a nation.
That I manag'd things well, you, and all must allow,
So now I conclude, your devoted

BOW WOW.

THE SCRAMBLE BEGUN.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—" *Derry Down.*"

YE courtiers, who're slaves to the measures of state ;
Ye hirelings, who on the back seats ever prate ;
Ye pensioners, placemen all thorough-pac'd hacks,
Who're always most ready to vote for a tax.

Derry down, down derry down.

S 2

II. Let

II.

Let joy once again appear full in your face,
And dance to the M——s with haste, but with grace,
And remind the great man of his oath and his word,
Or he'll humbug you sweetly although he's a L—d.

Derry down, &c.

III.

For of all the Lieutenants and sure we've had many,
Yet so proud, so ungracious, we never had any
As B——, who to the great can be mum,
But with others can bluster and look very glum.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

He can shift, he can shuffle, and bully and swear,
And dine at K—— m on beggarman's fare ;
And altho' his good name to old Nick it is gone,
Yet he likes an Address, when its *nemine con*.

Derry down, &c.

V.

And first to his levee, the great L—— T—— e
Hobbles on with his star, and cries out for a bone,
Who in jobbing and slav'ry is now grown quite blind,
But still for the service is ready in mind.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

“ Your virtues, my Lord, can be never express'd,
“ Spite of C——rran's and G——ttan's ill natured foul jests,
“ For as well as my sight will allow me to see,
“ I think you're resolved to deal fairly with me.”

Derry down, &c.

II.

Black H——h next. mighty Thane of the north,
Advances, and cries, “ I'm your friend and so forth ;
“ Thro' thick and thro' thin I have waded as yet.
“ Let me know my good M——s, what I am to get”

Derry down, &c.

VIII. “ 'Tis

VIII,

" 'Tis true I've been outed in England, and true,
 " Have met with contempt and derision like you,
 " In the height of despair I'm now return'd home.
 " And hope once again a great man to become."

Derry down, &c.

IX.

From the kingdom of Kerry son of plunder and wrong,
 See ——— distinguish'd among the whole throng ;
 To murder and rapine from his cradle enur'd,
 Such horrible monsters can scarce be endur'd.

Derry down, &c.

X.

The master of musters, D — D — —'s the man,
 Has laid for himself a most excellent plan ;
 Pretends to expect that by great store of knowledge,
 He'll soon be the Provost of Trinity College.

Derry down, &c.

XI.

Commissioner B —, M — y's own dad,
 Introduces himself and his hopeful young lad ;
 A Cub, who by grinning and strangest grimace,
 Intends to secure a most lucrative place,

Derry down, &c.

XII.

D — n — y Bro — e, C — te, and H — b — t, and many such boys,
 Who with Cr — k, and P — ce and Boy — e Ro — he make a noise
 Jack T — er, Jem Ch — tt — n pitiful ninnies
 Must all be put off with a couple of guineas.

Derry down, &c.

XIII.

Teaz'd out of his patience. and weary of troubles,
 He fumes and he frets and like cabbage he bubbles ;
 And hearing such idle, such dev'lish pretences,
 Retires and stammers, " they're bilk'd of their senses."

Derry down, down, derry down,

T H E

THE SHEW-MAN SHEWN.

A NEW SONG.

By Monsieur D—,

ASSISTANT SHEWMAN, and 3RD MAN of Saint
Mary's Parish.

GENTLES, Clergys, Freemans. Yeomans,
Come and view the Raree Shewmans,
Led about thro' every Street a,
All your Vorships for to greet-a,

Cromaboo, aboo.

Here you see the Patriot Bear-a,
Lead his Lorship here and there-a ;
Here you see the speaking monkey,
Strut about so *brisk and Spunkey*,

Cromaboo, aboo.

Charley Fox's Understrapper,
Led about by Patriot *Napper*,
To your Vorships will be bound-a,
For von more *fifty Thousand Pound-a !*

Cromaboo, aboo.

Den good Peoples give your Vote-a,
And no more he'll turn his Coat-a
To desert your Cause were treason,
Till he find *substantial Reason*,

Cromaboo, aboo.

My Lord no more your Cause will barter,
No more he vill cppoze your Charter,
To injure you he has no notion,
Unless to *help his own Promotion*.

Cromaboo, aboo.

Then all Freemans of this Town-a,
Come to me and kneel ye down-a,
Let me all your Votes dispose-a,
Let me *lead you by the Nose-a*

Cromaboo, aboo.

A N

AN EASTER EGG FOR THE ALDERMEN,

Or, the TWO HENRYS against the BOARD.

A NEW ELECTION SONG.

Tune, "Hearts of Oak."

You Electors of *Dublin*, come all follow me,
Who wish to preserve independent and free,
Your rights, your immunities, liberties, laws:
'Tis Freedom that calls in your country's cause.

Great and glorious the Cause,
Firm and true are the men.

FITZGERALD is ready ;
And GRATTAN is steady.

To support Irish Freedom again and again.
'The Genius of Ireland thus calls to her sons :
See each free elector now eagerly runs,
To answer the call ; not seduced by a bribe,
They barter no votes like the base venal tribe.

Great, &c.

With two such supporters we need not to fear :
Lord Henry Fitzgerald is sprung from *Kildare* ;
To him all his ancestor's virtues descend,
Old Ireland's full freedom he'll always defend.

Great, &c.

With two such supporters we never can fail.
To Henry Grattan we owe the repeal,
Restoration of Freedom for us he did gain,
And who is more fit all our rights to maintain ?

Great, &c.

Then see the two Henrys now hand in hand,
Corruption and courtly influence withstand,
The Police and Pension list they will oppose
Spite of all who to Freedom's great cause are the foes.

Great, &c.

Let deep-plodding aldermen, pension'd or plac'd,
Tempt voters whom bribery long hath disgrac'd,
Though 23 brothers their aid should afford,
We'll pit the 2 Harrys against the whole Board.

Great, &c.

We'll not be seduc'd with fair promise or gold,
 By those who would *buy* us we'd surely been sold :
 But to those who support constitution and trade,
 We'll give our free suffrage , huzza ! who's afraid ?
 Great, &c.

TALBOT'S GARLAND.

TUNE, "*Granuwail.*"

YE lads of Fingal and the Liberty too,
 Come hark to my song, and you'll find it is true,
 'Tis all of a *Banker* that locks up his door,
 And thinks it beneath him to speak to the poor.
 Oh ! the *Banker* has got the wrong fow by the tail,
 If he thinks to impose upon old *Granuwail*,
 But TALBOT's the man for the Shuttle and Flail ;
 Arrah TALBOT's the man for our own *Granuwail*.
 He is not the man that will lock up his door,
 Or for money wou'd grind out the souls of the poor,
 He knows not of *discount*, of *use*, and *protest*,
 Nor locks up the money to mold in his chest.

Oh ! the Banker, &c.

But his great manufactures give bread to us all,
 And he's ready to march at fair Liberty's call,
 'To support all our interests never will fail,
 Sure I know he's the son of our own *Granuwail*.

Oh ! the Banker, &c.

His father spent all in promoting our good,
 And we will support the son with our heart's blood ;
 The *Banker* will find to his cost 'twill not do,
 To swagger because he has more money than you.

Oh ! the Banker, &c.

For money and bribes they for ever will fail,
 To have an effect upon old *Granuwail*,
 But trade, *Independence* and *Liberty*, too,
 And TALBOT and *Honesty*, always will do.

Oh ! the Banker, &c.

THE HACKS, &c.

SCENE I. *One of the Committee Rooms, House C——.**Several Round Robinists sitting round a table—some framing Resolutions, others drawing up Addresses.*

AIR. "Sherwood Grove."

In College-green,
 Since we have been,
 No other Hacks outdid us!
 With bows so low,
 'Twas aye or no,
 Just as the Viceroy bid us.
 Prattling,
 Sometimes battling,
 Such sport the like ne'er was seen, O;
 Hey down derry, derry,
 Patriots and place-men,
 Caballing on the Green, O.

AIR. "My Name is Little Harry, O."

Sung by Mr. GR—T—N.

MY name is Little Harry, O,
 And all my plans are airy, O,
 In spite of Flood,
 Or public good,
 I'll follow my old vagary, O,
 With my rigdum, gigdum dairy, O,
 And all my plans are airy, O.
 With Beresford still quarrelling, O,
 With Parsons and Kirwarling, O,
 And tho' they cry,
 It's all a lie,
 I'll never leave off quarrelling, O.

T

AIR.

A I R. " *I'm just return'd from Holy Land.*"

B—P C—YNE.

I'M just return'd from my house and land,
Over the bush and under the brier,

I'm so fat I can neither sit, walk or stand,
Tho' I have been cut up by the Friar.

O a merry jolly old Friar.

I can swallow butts and gallons, and hogheads besides,
Over the bush and under the briar,

So light is my heart when they pay me my tithes,
In spight of a jolly old Friar.

If a Whiteboy I chance to meet on my way,
Over bush and under briar,

I down on my marrow-bones and straight begin to pray,
And for once seem a pious old Friar.

A I R. " *Ye powers who make Virtue your care.*"

F I T Z G—B B—N.

Ye powers who make virtue your care,
From your mansions celestial descend ;
Say why should Sedition and Despair,
On Freedom thus ever attend.

Should our foes with their wide-spreading waste,
Of nations the scourge and curse ;
To tenfold may their rage be increas'd,
Their party dissensions are worse.

Ye powers who make virtue your care,
From your mansions celestial descend ;
Say, why should Sedition and Despair,
On Freedom thus ever attend.

D U E T,

Between D—KE of L E I—T—R and L—D S H—N—N.

A I R. " *The Stag thro' the Forest.*"

The Stag thro' the Forest when rous'd by horn,
The Buck from Castle when rous'd by our cries,
Sore fright'd high bounding,
To Albion's coast hies.

Quick

Quick flying sails spreading while hounds on shore,
 Bark louder and louder, till they see 'm going o'er.
 Thus baulking hunters ambitious desires,
 Forgetting past evils, to Bath he retires.
 But not so the hounds, they redouble their cry,
 And strive to defame, 'till despairing they die.

A I R. " *When the Men a courting came.*"

MA—Q—S.

When the Rats a courting came,
 Flattering with their prittle prattle ;
 I cried, begone, O fie for shame—
 Despising all their tittle tattle.

Cringing to me,

Whinging to me,

Teazing of me,

Praising of me,

Each silly elf,

In quest of pelf,

Came wooing, bowing, truckling to me.

The Prime Serjeant, learned in the law,
 Asked too much, and him I baulk'd ;

In his deeds I found a flaw,
 Tho' now he's dumb, faith he talk'd,

Cringing to me,

Whinging to me,

Teazing of me,

Praising of me,

Each silly elf,

In quest of pelf,

Came wooing, bowing, truckling to me.

A I R. " *Poor Soldier.*"

OLD ——— display'd his wealth,
 Swore and bluster'd, but the fact is—
 Too—much he got by force or stealth,
 As trading Justice let him practice

T 2

Cringing

Cringing to me,
 Whinging to me,
 Teazing of me,
 Praising of me,
 Each silly elf,
 In quest of pelf,
 Came wooing, bowing, truckling to me:
 But at last an honest swain,
 Candid, learn'd, brisk and clever,
 Talk'd but in another strain,
 And soon he won my heart for ever,
 Writing for me,
 Fighting for me,
 Pleasing of me.
 Praising of me,
 Not for pelf, but for myself.

A I R, Mr. W H—L L—Y.
 I TRAVERS'D Judah's barren sand,
 At beauty's altar to adore—
 But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
 And Sion's daughters were no more.
 In Greece the bold imperious mien,
 The wanton look, the leering eye,
 Bade Love's devotion not be seen,
 Where constancy is never nigh.
 From thence to Italy's fair shore,
 I urg'd my never-ceasing way ;
 And to Loretto's temple bore,
 A mind devoted still to pray.
 But there too, Superstition's hand
 Had sketch'd every feature o'er,
 And made me soon regain the land,
 Where beauty fills the Western shore.
 Where Hymen with celestial power,
 Connubial transports doth adorn ;
 Where purest virtue sports the hour,
 That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye Daughters of old Albion's isle,
 Where'er I go, where'er I stray ;
 O ! Charity's sweet Children smile,
 To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

A I R. " *The Trump of Fame.*"

Sir J— B——

The trump of Fame my name has spread,
 My name has founded far and near ;
 And bald Sir — with two-fac'd head,
 As urged each Sec— and Viceroy's ear.
 'Tis not you, 'tis Buckingham,
 I come to seek, with bended knee :
 That man of might,
 I fain would fight,
 And conquer with my—o-he, *he.*

Through frost and snow,
 Tho' cold winds blow,
 Tho' thunders roll,
 From pole to pole,
 Not all he's told,
 Of soldier's cold,
 Shall save him from my o-ho, *ho.*

But as the Lord
 Our King restor'd,
 Once more to health, then I must go ;
 Nor never more,
 Appear before
 His Viceroy here,
 Who much I fear,
 Will baste me for my o-ho, *ho.*

A I R. " *When ruddy Aurora awakens the Day.*"

Sung by the King's Friends at the Castle.

WHEN health, ruddy health now returning again,
 By restoring our Monarch, relieves all our pain ;
 Sound, sound my stout archers,
 Sound horns and away,

With

With hand heart and voice let us sing.
 See George now approaching in splendor so bright,
 What bosom don't pant with unusual delight ?
 Majestic all glorious he rises to light ;
 'Tis he, boys, our long lost our King.
 Sweet roses we'll offer at Venus's shrine,
 Libations we'll pour to Bacchus divine,
 While mirth love and pleasure in junction combine.

For us, true sons of the game,
 Bid sorrow adieu in soft numbers we'll sing ;
 Love, friendship and beauty shall make the air ring,
 Wishing health and success to our country and King,
 Encrease to their honour and fame.

T H E D O G S.

Composed at the time of the King's illness.

SIT down neighbours all, and I'll sing you now a new song,
 And as soon as you have heard it you'll own it is a true song ;
 In the course of my narration I glance at many a sad dog,
 But the foremost of the pack is the Lord's anointed mad dog.

Bow, wow, wow.

When he first was bit, sir, they sent him to the waters,
 And straightway to Cheltenham he took his wife and daughters.
 But drinking of the spa, sir, it made him far from easy,
 And back he came to Windsor, as buck or bear so crazy.

Bow, wow, wow.

Billy Pitt's a cunning dog, and tho' he's rather young, sir,
 Of all puppies in the land, he's the first at giving tongue, sir ;
 Buckingham's a greedy dog, full loath to quit his station,
 Provided he gets prey, then the devil take the nation.

Bow, wow, wow.

Thurlow is a growling, to quit his post much loath, sir,
 Whate'er he asserts, he backs it with an oath, sir ;
 With damn his eyes, and blast his soul, he'd rule the common-
 weal,

And meant to have made a wooden dog, to manage the great
 seal.

Bow, wow, wow.

Edmund

Edmund is a lank grey hound, and fond of giving bastings.
He lately rais'd the pack for to hunt down Warren Hastings.
Sheridan's a clever dog, who hunts with scent full keen, fir,
And Landdown is a shuffling dog, who fain wou'd tria
between. Bow, wow, wow.

Flood, who like a golden calf, was bow'd to by the nation,
Set out full cry to bark and bite for Pitt's administration;
From Ireland to London he journey'd many a mile, fir,
But proved himself a lame dog, who cou'd never reach the
stile, fir. Bow, wow, wow.

Charley, tho' a fox-dog, to his friends is thought a kind dog ;
And North, once a famous dog, is now become a blind dog.
The Commons all are venal dogs who vote with Billy Pitt, fir,
A kind of second rump, that will shortly be beshit, fir.
Bow, wow, wow.

The Aldermen are stupid dogs, who can neither speak nor think, fir.

But meet at every tavern to thank, and eat and drink, fir;
The Livery-men are filly dogs, whom every rogue can bilk, fir,
They are now to Billy Pitt, what they were to Johnny
Wilkes, fir. Bow, wow, wow.

Abingdon's a frothy dog, nor knows what his intent is,
For 'tis that like his master, he's scarcely compos mentis.
Gordon is a Newgate dog, for the kirk a steady watch-dog,
Tho' perhaps he stands alone, a disinterested Scotch dog.
Bow, wow, wow.

Willis is a whipper-in, and snappish by the bye, sir,
And all his skill in physic is only in his eye, sir,
If you approach the kennel, faith he'll meet you with a bark,
For it seems his only aim is to keep us in the dark.
Bow, wow, wow.

The Prince, he is a noble dog as any in the land, fir,
Tho' a vile pack of venal curs have bound him foot and hand, fir,
But his Irish friends, like loyal dogs, no fetters have inflicted,
For the toast throughout Ierne is, the REGENT unrestricted.
Bow, wow, wow.

THE

THE LION AND FOX,
A PASTORAL FABLE;

*Composed in the year 1783, on Mr. PITT coming into
administration.*

THE king of beasts, in days of yore,
(Was ever king so us'd before ?)
Driven by a Fox's wily art,
Into the wood's most lonely part ;
Laid by his crown and sallied forth,
To meet his ally in the North ;
For there he thought t'have found a friend,
Who would be firm to the end.
But here, alas ! who could suspect it ?
The brute whom he so long protected,
With scoffs beheld his king's condition,
And made with Fox a coalition.
The royal beast than heav'd a sigh,
With indignation roll'd his eye,
And turn'd his steps, he knew not where,
Perhaps to sleep in open air,
Or else go home to H—n—r.
With doubt and sorrow long he wandered,
By every wou'd-be speaker slandered ;
Nor place of shelter cou'd he find,
From blast of Oriental wind.
At length resolv'd to pierce his heart,
They arm a seven-fold Indian dart ;
When Briton's awful genius rose,
To screen the Monarch from his foes,
Within a Temple fair she stood,
The sole asylum in the wood :
Thither the Lion bent his way,
Pursu'd by all the beasts of prey ;
For all their patriotic wishes,
Were placed upon the loaves and fishes ;

And

And raging with sedition's fire,
 Foretold our fall in accents dire.
 Then rumour with her hundred tongues,
 In motion set by brazen lungs,
 Supported by her wings of paper,
 Fill'd with inflammable hot vapour,
 The factious breath of B—ke and F—x,
 More baneful than Pandora's box ;
 They rose as fast and swell'd as soon,
 As an inflated air balloon,
 Among the people to dispense,
 Horrid her baleful influence.
 'Till lo ! at length to lay the storm,
 Rose Chatham's soul in youthful form ;
 The crowd was hush'd, the multitude,
 A second PITT with wonder view'd ;
 Saw fortitude with sense combine,
 And thought on glorious forty-nine,
 Then wav'd a flag, and cried long live,
 True freedom and prerogative.

T H E L I O N

AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A POETICAL FABLE.

IN Afric sands in days of yore,
 A Lion at whose royal roar,
 All other beasts were fill'd with wonder,
 As at great Jove's almighty thunder,
 Was sorely smote at sundry times,
 No doubt 'twas for the nation's crimes.
 His nights were sleepless and unquiet,
 And fill'd the regal den with riot ;
 From side to side still fretful chang'd,
 For even kings will be derang'd ;
 A Crocodile, a wily wit,
 Who long had dwelt within a pit,
 Discover'd first the royal case,
 And fearful of the loss of place,

U

Assembled

Assembled all the four-foot kind,
 And beg'd that each wou'd speak his mind.
 Then hurlo-thrumbo growling bear,
 And crafty Reynard eke was there ;
 The Hawke of Bury, and Dundass,
 That craving wolf with front of brass ;
 And many more that I can mention,
 Assembled at this grand convention.
 When Reynard rose, and spoke as thus :
 Why brothers, such a mighty fufs,
 Although his Lionship we see,
 Can eat and drink as well as we ;
 Although, or else the doctors cheat us,
 He swallows heaps of mashed potatoes,
 Tho' evident to all beholders,
 He has got a head upon his shoulders ;
 When there's no brain within that head,
 I say his majesty is dead ;
 So far at least as we can need him,
 And but his son, who shou'd succeed him ?
 The constitution is defective,
 When e'er the crown becomes elective.
 Thus Reynard spoke, and with a smile,
 Reply'd the youthful Crocodile—
 Friend Fox, thy words are out of season,
 In truth they're little short of treason ;
 The people only can declare,
 Who ought to be the royal heir.
 But if the prince becomes a tool,
 Obedient to my nod and rule,
 And sets his mark to every measure
 Of mine, then I'll agree with pleasure ;
 But his just rights I must retrench,
 Or quit the ministerial bench.
 Quoth Fox, 'tis not the Prince's cause,
 The constitution, or the laws,
 Or nation's welfare I've in view,
 I think of that still less than you ;
 Sure all may see I act a part,
 That's truly foreign to my heart.

Since

Since e're I first began to live,
 I still oppos'd prerogative ;
 Abus'd crown'd heads for many an hour,
 And bellow'd for the people's power ;
 We've enough to answer all our wishes,
 Let us divide the loaves and fishes,
 And without further repetition,
 We'll make a second coalition.
 To which the Crocodile reply'd,
 I'll bear no equal by my side ;
 I'll stand alone, the grand state actor,
 Or lead a party to distract her,
 Opposing every useful tax,
 And railing at the Regent Hacks :
 The nation's ear has long been stunn'd,
 By hearing of a sinking fund,
 Which you'll soon find is all a dream,
 A perfect Mississippi scheme,
 Held out the people to delude,
 To please and gull the multitude.
 Oh ! then I'll fume and rave and fret,
 Talk of the nation's load of debt.
 Denounce impeachment in my ravings,
 Ask, what's become of all my savings ?
 While thus in high debate they spoke,
 The Lion from his trance awoke,
 Hush'd were the tenants of the wood,
 And firm once more the temple stood.

ADVICE TO A PAINTER.

I.

PAINTER, thy softest tints prepare,
 Thy fav'rite pencil, every grace,
 E'er thy adventurous hand shall dare,
 My Isabella's form to trace.

U 2

II. See

II.

See how the animating glow,
Life to the canvas does impart,
And blushes seem to come and go,
Rushing just warm from the heart.

III.

Why has thy trembling hand declin'd,
To catch those eyes which mine have stole ?
Yet beam the virtues of the mind,
Sweet sensibility of soul.

IV.

But grieve not 'cause the artist's skill
Fails, at what painting ne'er express'd ;
Thy charms, dear nymph, the fancy fill,
Thy work's engraven on the breast.

T O M I S S G——.

T H E P E T T Y C O A T ;

In Answer to Dean B——'s Riddle on a pair of Breeches.

SOMETIMES I hover o'er your head,
Sometimes I lie upon your bed ;
With gayest folks I make resort,
I am at every ball at court,
And the most precious secrets there,
Are those that come within my sphere.
I have been plac'd upon a throne,
And have a government of my own,
Yet it shall never wound my pride,
That I've been found at every side ;
Nor deem it scurrilous abuse,
That I'm at once both fast and loose ;
Which he that rightly comprehends,
Must be acquainted with my ends.
I cannot walk, yet sure as eggs,
Where'er I go I move with legs ;

Nay !

Nay! and I'll tell you stranger things,
 I fly about, and have no wings;
 Yet, as if nobody could love me,
 Others you daily put above me,*
 And cruelly you deem it meet,
 To have me even at your feet.
 Tho' nothing more provokes the town,
 Than that you always keep me down;
 And every friendly hand restrain,
 That wish'd to take me up again.
 Yet find my occupation out,
 The world must love what I'm about.

And now, my friend, I think I'm even
 With all the riddlers of Glassnevin;
 How pleasant 'tis to poze the Dean,
 My wond'rous mystery to explain?
 Who tho' he's clever at a list,
 And dubb'd with revelation gift,
 With all his parts, and all his cunning,
 His head on such things always running,
 Keep him from devils and from witches,
 I'll tell him 'tis not in his—*Breesbes*.

* The under Petticoat.

A N E W S O N G.

TUNE—"Lord Altam's Bull."

BRAZEN NOSE EGAN is my name,
 And de fame I will never deny;
 I hope to rise to honour and fame,
 A speaking for de sweet Liberty!

Liga diga di diga dee.
 Liga diga di diga dee,
 Liga diga di, liga diga diga di,
 Liga diga di diga dee.

"Ah, boys—your souls to the d—l, twig me de rino —
 "None of your *Copper-fac'd Jacks* — but a *Royal George*,
 "wid a milling round de edge.

Liga diga di. &c.

And de next dat spoke was sweet *Jacky Philpot*,

And dis is what sweet *Jacky* did say—

Liga diga di, &c.

“ I’ll tip him de slang—dat will fit him as close as a new
“ regimentals made of red.—Ah boys, your souls to de
“ d—l, I stood like a boy on my defence—when *Black Mark*
“ came growling after me, I took shelter in Lord Earlsfort’s
“ wig.—I peeped out, like a mouse in a mountain—by
“ de hokey, If I gave him a bite in de dog days de wound
“ would feller.

Liga diga di, &c.

It was on de twenty first day of Feb.

It being a *bank holiday*,

Six and twenty brave hearted *Boys of Straw*,

Went to take *Jacky Rino* away!

Liga diga di, &c.

“ *Tommy Turf* being de first boy in de field, who should he
“ see, by de hokey, but de *Old Bull*, **THE DUKE**, with his
“ horns sticking in the mud—well become him by de hoky, he
“ spurs up to him—turns his face to de horse’s tail and set him
“ riding—*like a Delegate*;—but the *Duke* being a dunghill to
“ the back-bone, faced about, and took him by the *twenty-*
“ *seven curiosities*—and swore he wou’d go over to de other side
“ de gutter—if he got more butter to spread on his rolls.

Liga diga di, &c.

And we drove **DICKY WOGAN** over many a hedge,

And we drove him over many a stile,

’Till we came to the *Commons of Kilmainham*,

When we let poor **DICKY** rest for a while.

Liga diga di, &c.

“ If poor **DICKY** was a turn’d out *Rat*, you cou’d not
“ help pitying him—for his head smok’d like *Jacky Blackboy’s*
“ pate—that had no more hair on his noddle than there’s
“ wool on his father’s goose.

Liga diga di, &c.

And we drove **DICKY WOGAN** down Corn-market,

As all de world sure might see;

When de *Fiat* Printers thrust dere nose thro’ de bars—

Crying, “ high for de sweet Liberty !”

Liga diga di, &c.

“ Ah, boys ! your souls to de d—l, if I was amerc you—
 “ I’d make you know *de Sham* from *de Man of Ireland* !—
 “ Ah, your souls to de d—l, what d’ye call the boy a rogue
 “ for—when he paid his Daddy’s debts. — Ah, cruel *Grif-*
 “ *fit*—cruel *Griffit*—your Phenix is a *rara avis*—for a *black*
 “ Goose is a *rare* bird as well as a *black* Swan—and be de ho-
 “ ky, *Finlay* has the notes for it—and paper for paper is a fair
 “ exchange, your soul !

Liga diga di, &c.

And DICKY WOGAN he is a bad boy,
 And dat is very well known,
 And you know they’ll Bribe him very soon,
 Becase he has a fine fortune of his own.

Liga diga di, &c.

“ Ah, well, boys, your souls—what suppose we give him a
 “ fair trial for his character—dat is dearer to a man of honour
 “ than his life—we will bring him in for seven years—dere
 “ is but six of us—that is 14 months a-piece.—By de hokey,
 “ I will give DICKY a plumper—tho’ I have two bad bills
 “ to discount.

Liga diga di, &c.

And high for sweet DICKY WOGAN,
 And high for the oysters of Malahide !
 And when de poll runs hard, as the d—l at the hunt—
 May DICKY be on the winning side !

Liga diga di, &c.

A HOOK AND LINE FOR THE WHITE ROD.

Or, the Worshipful Candidates *angling* for Votes in the
Land of Promise.

*Being a comical Dialogue on the late Election, which passed a
 few days ago between Crooked-Neck’d Oliver and Billy Bowl.*

PROMISES and *Pyecrafts* are made to be broken,” said Oli-
 ver, giving a sly twist of his head, as he was passing through the
 fine delightful avenue of SWIFT’S TOWN, so justly celebra-
 ted

ted for the cleanliness of its footways and its magnificent buildings..

“ *Promises and Pyecrusts* are made to be broken,” repeated *Billy in the Bowl-Dish*, who at that very moment was shuffling along, and had his thoughts taken up with the very same subject which engrossed *Oliver’s* meditations——“ And “ pray, Sir, what was that subject ?——Have patience, gentle Reader ! only peruse this carefully to the end, and you will know it all for nothing, besides getting the worth of your Half-penny into the Bargain : Otherwise, I’ll give you leave to say that my promise is as brittle as the promise of the most wily statesman that ever blasted the fond hopes of a disappointed court dangler, or, as the brittlest pye-crust that ever was broken at an Electioneering entertainment given by a soliciting Candidate on the canvass, or, as what is more brittle the promise of the candidate, who after becoming a representative breaks faith with his deluded Constituents.

Such compliments having passed as are customary when two such personages lik NOL and WILL meet, the following interesting dialogue ensued.

W. Nol my boy, what news about the Election ? for ever since I lost my horse and carriage, I have been in Channel-row and there we could hear of nothing but *picking oakum, beating bemp, and rasping logwood.*

N. Faith, Will, the carpenters are fitting up the Hustings as fast as axe, saw, plain, mallet, chissel, auger, gimlet, hammer, and nails can make them. We shall soon have the four and twenty corporations parading to the Tholfel, Merchants, Taylors, Smiths, Barbers, Butchers, Cooks, Curriers, Tan-ners, Shoemakers, Hosiers, Carpenters, Saddlers, Cutlers, Weavers, Sheermen, Goldsmiths, Brewers, Chandlers, Hatters, Coopers, Vintners, Bricklayers, Joiners, and Apothecaries, with their breast-ribbands, cockades and colours, blazoning forth Freedom, Liberty, Public Spirit, Patriotism and Independence ; with their drums, fises, trumpets, french-horns, bassoons, hautboys, flutes, and flagelets, enough to rouse the seven sleepers themselves out of their lethargy.

W. Aye, No, and if the music should waken them you and your brother *ruffs* with your——*List of the Poll ! This day’s*

day's grand Poll ! Lord Henry's Poll ! Mr. G's Poll ! The Lord Mayor's Poll ! Alderman S's Poll ! — will be enough to prevent them from falling asleep as long as they live again. But who would you wish to get the Election ?

N. Why Lord Henry and his brothers are staunch friends to the country ; and Mr. Grattan has done more for it than any man that ever was born before him. So the Harrys are the lads for me : they shall have my interest in *Swift's-acre*, and every house there is a *freehold*.

W. But some say, Lord Henry touches too much on the *Peerage* for plain Cits to meddle with.

N. Tut, tut, man ! He'll burn the *Pension List* and kick the *Police Bill* out of the house and little Harry promises to back him in it. Ah ! little Harry's worth his weight in *gold*.

W. Aye, but he has got *almost* his weight in *gold* already, and as for *Promises* they are made to be *broken*,

N. Much good may do him with all he gets ! The two Harrys will never break promise, so the two Harrys for me against the *whole board*. Ah ! this cursed *Police* sticks confoundedly in my throat ; it has turned my *neck crooked* ; I can't bear to look any man *straight* in the face that ever belonged to it. Now tho' one *worshipful* candidate gave up his place in the *police*, he *knew* for *what*. 6000*l* in 2 years is better than the same sum in 30 years, at 200*l* *per annum*, besides the chance of death or *dismissal* before half the time should expire. It was *throwing out a sprat to catch a mackrel*. He's a good *fisherman*.

W. Egad you put me in mind of what I heard a gentleman say this morning, that, if he had a Hook and Line to the white Rod he'd be like a Fisherman angling for Votes in the Land of Promise. It's hard telling who to trust. So, let the Election take its course, the Candidates take their chance ; and you and I will take a quart of *SIXES TERT* and drink *SUCCESS TO THEM THAT BEST DESERVE IT*.

X THE

THE CLOSE OF THE POLL:

Or, THE ALDERMEN'S DEFEAT.

A new Election Song. "TUNE, *Cocks of true Game.*

REJOICE, free Electors of Dublin;

Whose bosoms for Liberty bear,

In spite of the Aldermen's bubbling,

They've met with a total defeat;

And each from the seat which he sat in,

Sneak'd off with the board to condole,

Because that Fitzgerald and Grattan

Had won at the close of the Poll.

Ti tal der al lal der al laddie, &c.

Eight days they appear'd at the hustings,

Unblushing with confidence bore

Such mobbings and hootings and dustings,

As Candidates ne'er met before;

At length in despair and dejection,

Reluctant and griev'd to the soul,

Then gave up the City Election,

And call'd for the close of the Poll.

Ti tal deral, &c.

' Oh, thank ye for nothing,' says Tandy,

' Your worships were pleas'd to deride,

' You boasted we could not withstand ye,

' Nor in Corporations confide;

' But now, to your mortification,

' We'll shew you our strength on the whole,

' By bringing each free Corporation

' To vote at the close of the Poll.

Ti tal deral, &c.

Behold now the Weavers parade, Sir,

With Colours of Orange and Blue;

Damn the Police, the tune that they play'd, Sir,

Express'd on their bannerets too.

All Bounties are nobly rejected,

In letters pourtray'd on a scroll,

Manufatures by Duties protected

ask at the Close of the Poll.

Ti tal deral, &c.

And see, in due order and form,
 Conducting the Candidates Chair,
 The brave hearty Lads of the *Worm*,
 Do all to the Tholfel repair.
 The men of the People ascended,
 In triumph the Chariot did roll,
 By all free Electors attended,
 Who won at the Close of the Poll.

Ti tal deral, &c.

And this was the fix'd resolution,
 On all their escutcheons display'd,
No Police against Constitution,
 Free Commerce, fair play, and Free Trade.
 The Voice of the People must gain it,
 For who shall their wishes control ?
 And Police with musquet and bay'net,
 Be chang'd for the Watchman and Pole.

Ti tal deral, &c.

THE PATRIOT CANDIDATES.

Addressed to the Right Hon. Lord H——y F——d and
 H——y G——n. Esq.

Redeunt Saturnia regna

Jam nova progenies cælo dimittitur alto. VIRG.

HAIL ! saith the Muse, Lord Henry, hail !
 Sprung from the noble race of Gerald ;
 O, may those honors never fail,
 Recorded long by Irish heralds.

No more a soldier on parade,
 A servile faulchion shalt thou brandish ;
 Turn'd citizen, now muse on trade,
 And, change your gorget for a standish.

Hail ! G——n hail ! thy patriot fame,
 Thou restless and perturbed spirit ;
 My muse should to the world proclaim
 Cou'd, she, like thee, record thy merit.

When you, with fifty thousand pound
 For Repeal simple, wast rewarded,
 How grateful then, to country found,
 How steadily its rights you guarded.

Still eager to possess more gold,
 And glowing still, with high ambition;
 Again thou art a patriot bold,
 Again the fav'rite of sedition.

Ye citizens of Dublin, hail,
 Hail, jealous guardians of our freedom;
 The colleagu'd Henries must prevail,
 Your suffrages, since you've decreed 'em.

What, tho' tis said, to your reproach,
 Ye Viceroy's love, to raise and humble:
 Now, drag like brutes, his ent'ring coach,
 Then, at departure, rail and grumble.

Why should not cits, so sage and stout,
 Their censures pass on all their measures;
 And haul them in, or kick them out,
 As suits best with their whims and pleasures.

Hail, Common Council! city's pride
 From all its corp'rate guilds elected;
 What heavenly genius was your guide,
 When ye, those candidates selected?

'Twas Napper Tandy, wond'rous man,
 Dread foe to turbulence and faction,
 'Twas he the glorious work began,
 And still directs the great transaction.

Hail, Napper, patriot renowned
 Of freedom's sons, the grand director;
 'Tis thine to rule the mob around,
 And guide the voice of each elector.

Like Jove who rul'd of old the skies,
 At shake of thy tremendous noddle,
 Before thee opposition flies,
 Thro' blissful regions near the Poddle.

In vain shall Aldermen advance,
 With pamper'd crowds behind them ranged ;
 They, by thy Gorgan Countenance,
 To stupid blocks shall all be changed.

Thy countenance, which like the owl,
 Of wisdom pure, Minerva's emblem ;
 With sage resolves inspires each soul,
 When in convention you assemble 'm.

Thy Countenance like moon at full,
 Or magic spell hath always acted ;
 With whimsies fills each empty skull,
 And sets grave citizens distracted.

Thy Countenance which city Lord
 In vain to grace his feast invited ;
 To whose request didst thou accord,
 The city Dames had been delighted !

O, wert thou and thy Henry there,
 In merry jig together prancing ;
 Like merry apes and awkward bear,
 All had been charm'd with your dancing.

But thy omnipotence of face,
 For purpose is reserv'd more glorious,
 Sh all bring vile courtiers to disgrace,
 And render Patriots victorious.

Thus with sad countenance the Knight
 Of wrongs La Mancha's fam'd redresser,
 With fancied giants fought to fight,
 And with feign'd tyrant or oppressor.

Then since the Henries are thy choice,
 To the Tholsel now conduct 'em,
 And let each freedom give his voice
 As thou great Tandy shall instruct 'em.

Huzza ! ye Liberty brave boys,
 Upon your brawny shoulders rear 'em ;
 And midst tumultuous shouts and noise,
 To College-green, in triumph chair 'em.

Into

Into the house soon as they'll pop,
 (Of ministerial guilt abhorrent)
 Like Atlas, each the State will prop,
 And stem Corruption's wide-spread torrent.

By trade a soldiers always brave,
 And lawyer keen is in debating,
 So these your liberties shall save,
 Or by their vap'ring or their prating.

Then who'll assert you chose not right,
 Since each can serve your purpose fully.
 For one can scold, the other fight,
 Like a fishmonger or a bully ?

Tho' layers grasp at splendid fee,
 And soldiers pant for high promotion ;
 Who'll say of sordid treachery,
 These ever will retain the notion ?

Around them shall a furious band,
 Discarded placemen all, assemble ;
 And ev'ry courtier in the land,
 Shall on the treasury benches tremble.

The Whig Club then, and Robins Round,
 No more shall shew long dismal faces ;
 No more at Ryan's sorrow drown'd—
 With Pensions once more blest and Places.

Once more shall they by G——n led,
 And to old principles adherent,
 The crown snatch from their sovereign's head.
 And it bestow on Heir Apparent.

Then sage Ambassadors once more
 To Prince shall speed with royal plunder ;
 And when they land on Britain's shore,
 Fill all with merriment and wonder.

Like Blood, to steal the Crown they'd strive,
 If with their purpose well it suited ;
 But when with it they should arrive,
 By all they'd scoff'd at be and hooted,

Then

Then shall we see great L———r's Grace,

In schemes political, so clever,

Fill Westmorland's deserted place,

And reign proud Viceroy here for ever.

Then shall the S——n's haughty Lord,

Marquis and Pensioner created,

And ruling at the Treasury Board,

Find his ambitious views completed.

Then shall the P—sonbites be still,

And cease their grumbling and their gambling ;

Since ev'ry station they shall fill

For which they've fifty years been scrambling.

Then F——s shall no more produce

His self-denying ordinances ;

No more for a suppos'd abuse,

Rob freemen from their dearest franchise.

Then Tom Turf sportsman shall remain,

With slouch'd hat, boots and leather breeches ;

And when inspired by champaign,

Delight the house with patriot speeches:

Then no police we'll want by night,

From robbers we shall all escape us,

Since nosy George shall thieves afford right,

Worse than of old did fierce Priapus.

Then —— shall no longer prate,

And play the libeller and jester,

Nor —— with low Billingsgate,

Till rising morn our senate pester.

Like others of their venal trade,

Then shall we see those upstart vermin,

King's serjeants and Attornies made.

And peaceful nod at last in ermine.

E P I G R A M.

" WHISPER—dear Napper, von vord in your ear,
Vee vill lose de shitty election I fear,"

" No wonder," says Nap, " our hands are but few,
And one of our shipmates Jean D—cl—z—u.

A N E W S O N G.

THE DEFEAT OF FACTION.

TUNE. "*I met with Moll Roe in the morning.*"

I.

I'LL tip you a song on the 'lection
We had t'other day for Lord Mayor,
That has sunk all the Whigs in dejection,
Their faction quite into despair,
Their schemes and their plots are defeated,
They've found they were all in the wrong,
The loyal man could not be cheated,
Our aw's are too good and too strong:
And long may they triumph in Ireland,
Toll le roll ta liddle liddle lee.

II.

But when, to the town's satisfaction,
The C——l's decision was known,
I met with the Chief of the faction,
"Great ——r," says I, "you are down!"
"We'll riot," quoth ——r, "we'll riot,"
"Confusion shall now take the land!"
I laugh'd, and I 'vised him be quiet,
For fear they would "TUCK UP HIS HEAD!"
Oh, long may we triumph o'er Faction!

III.

Jack Doleful I met shortly after;
Says Jack, "this, indeed, is a blow."
I scarce can refrain me from laughter,
His face was the picture of woe!
"My friend," says I, "keep up your spirits,
"For although you have now got a check,
"You'll find the reward of your merits——"
My finger then aim'd at his NECK!
And long may we triumph o'er faction.
Sing toll de roll, &c.

IV. Then

IV.

Then quickly I met with another,
 A man, whom they say was so base,
 With Faction to league 'gainst his brother,
 And strove to get into his place :
 D'ye see me, 'tis my way of thinking,
 I'd ne'er be a brother—like him,
 For if that I saw MY OWN sinking,
 Together we'd sink or we'd swim.
 But that PLACE he will never enjoy for't
 Sing foll de doll, &c.

V.

But fallen, dejected, despised,
 I'll ne'er wage a war with the dust ;
 Let them punish the man who advised,
 To make an ill use of their trust.
 Let us sing the defeat of foul Faction,
 And loyally lend me your voice ;
 That the country was sav'd from distraction,
 Let Irishmen ever rejoice.
 And long may the laws be victorious ;
 Sing toll de roll ta roll da dee, &c.

The GROANS of NEWTOWNARDS and BANGOR ; Or,
 the DEFEAT of the JUNTO.

A NEW SONG.

By the Rev. Mr. MORTIMER, of Comber,

TUNE—" *Come let us away to the Wedding.*"

COME let us away to Downpatrick,
 To see the rejoicings all there,
 The Junction are now at their last trick,
 The *Whigs* are now sad in despair,
 Macgregor and Neddy are quaking,
 Sir Jacky looks blue on the cause,
 De Clifford with envy is shaking,
 'Cause Hillsborough gains the applause.

II.

" O damn this contested election,"
" Says Neddy, " we all are undone,
" Our party are now in dejection,
" And all are quite ready to run ;
" A mortgage old Bangor must saddle,
" To keep my poor carcase from jail,
" Or else to Jerus'lem I'll waddle,
" And set up my borough for sale."

III.

All Newtown in sackcloth and ashes,
Are wailing their baby's defeat,
Their grief all description surpasses,
Their voters begin to retreat.
The Laird of Macgregor is weeping,
And barebones the uncle is sad,
The bailiffs will soon be a sweeping
The tenants, to pay for the *lad*.

IV.

The pow'rs of the Junction are blasted,
Its members are falling away,
Their foes are repeatedly toasted,
And gather new strength ev'ry day,
Huzza ! for brave Hillsborough's party,
His Lordship's the people's best choice,
Let's join o'er a bottle all hearty,
And sing of LORD HILL with one voice.

✱ The following poem was found in the street, near West Gate in Drogheda, by a gentleman who left it with the editor for insertion. It appears to have been designed as an answer to some enquiries made by a Dublin correspondent, concerning the celebration of the centenary of the Boyne on the 1st inst. Its merit as a poem is very moderate; but as the writer seems to have somewhat of a prophetic, though not much of a poetic, genius, we hope it will not be quite unacceptable to such of our readers as were disappointed in the expectations they had formed of that spectacle.

Dear Dick,

AN answer to yours I will certainly try,
 To tell what will hap on the first of July,
 At twelve when to Morpheus' arms we're borne,
 The guns will be fired, to tell us 'tis morn!
 Not such guns as *yours* are,—nay, don't think me smart,
 But H——n's pop-guns that crack like a f—t.
 From this until noon I pass o'er, for it's true
 That nothing will happen worth writing to you,
 But at twelve! mighty hour! assist me each muse,
 To relate those great events—or—should ye refuse,
 Pray lend me, or steal me, good Apollo's lyre,
 Or—kindle my pipe at that heavenly fire,
 Which P. Pindar so lately did steal from the skies,
 And my incense henceforth from your altars shall rise.
 At twelve, mighty hour! what bustle, what noise!
 Of squibs and of crackers, of fools and of boys,
 What orange cockades! with what elegance made!
 Did you see them, you'd swear they were fools in parade.
 At twelve then, suppose them to have met altogether,
 Whether scorching or cold, whether dry or wet weather;
 Sly Horace's tale of the Brundisium Mayor,
 Was a trifle to this—or e'en Bartholemew fair,
 The order all fixed without further oration,
 To church they all go, ev'ry man in his station;
 First the city *regalia* will pass in review,
 And the servants, as order'd, will pass two and two,
 Next approaches—I want words—ah! could I speak latin!
 Next approaches—the great—mighty *Sancho* of *Pl——n*!

After him comes the famous the great *Jacky Dandy*
 Than whom not e'en *Filch* is at cunning more handy,
 Next comes the Recorder but faith I'm astray,
 For expressions his merit and worth to display,
 The Aldermen next, in match'd pairs to be seen,
 As women pair rabbits, the fat and the lean ;
 Sheriffs-peers, common councilmen, then in succession,
 With smiths and with bakers will close the procession.
 To church then they go, with red lillies adorn'd,
 Where service divine will be duly perform'd.
 The pulpits then mounted by good master Spintext,
 Who from Job the unfortunate—thus takes his *apt* text—
 “ Learn of me, for I'm humble” and this ye all know,
 I was once very high but am now very low,
 And then he'll proceed against *Pope and Pretender*,
 And launch out in praise of our *mighty defender*,
 In praise of the primate he'll go on again,
 While the people, I'm sure, will all shout out *Amen*.
 In praise then of Sh—d whose mighty discerning
 Appointed a chaplain of *such* wit and learning,
 He'll end his discourse, and appeal to their own sense,
 On resolute submission and passive obedience.
 Proclaiming then peace, and enforcing the *dues*
 The *mob patriotic* he sends from their pews.
 The rigatta next will take place on the quay,
 And by water set forward in naval array,
 My simile sure you will not take amiss,
 But—the Cumberland cup was a noggin to this,
 The army now fire exact on the spot
 Where an excellent drubbing from Will, Jemmy got
 This business once over then back they will come,
 In dung boats and gabbards, with fife and with drum,
 But how until dinner their time they will spend
 I protest I can't tell you, nor guess, my dear friend ;
 Yet at dinner suppose them all seated around
 Each Alderman gobbling calves head by the pound,
 When the cloth is removed, soon the heart-cheering glass,
 In brisk circulation will certainly pass.
 The KING ! cries the Governor, straight at the sound,
 With shouts of applause the wide hall will resound.

Next

Next the FAMILY ROYAL, will surely be given,
 And may they enjoy every bliss under Heaven !
 Then Ballymakinny great Sancho will halloa,
 A bumper to her ev'ry man must then swallow,
 With bumpering thus they will all soon be found,
 As David's sow drunken and stretch'd on the ground.
 The *fire-works* last, shall be play'd from the mount,
 In such numbers as none shall be able to count.
 Thus this great *celebration* will all end in smoke,
 While the town must confess '*twas a mighty good joke*.
 I conclude my dear friend without farther inditing,
 For you're tired of me, as I am of my writing.

June 28.

B. S. KATEING.

A MONITIAL EPISTLE.

TO THE CASTLE BUFFOON.

*Non sumus ergo pares ! melior qui semper et omni
 Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vulum :
 A facie jactare manus laudare paratus
 Si bene ruelavit, si rectum minxit amicus.*

Ju v, Sat. 3.

O THOU ! whatever title please thine ear,
 Master of Horse, Buffoon, or Brogueoneer,
 Where noise, loud laugh, and impudence prevail
 Illustrious mimic, peerless J—ph—n hail !
 Whether by home-starved diet you grow thinner,
 Or haunt the Castle, and get ask'd to dinner
 Where skill'd to change the busy stately scene,
 With tales of Paddy, or with jests obscene,
 Fondly familiar by his Grace you sit,
 Enthroned like Querno *, arbiter of wit ;
 The-long lost fame of Mountebank support,
 While folly reigns triumphant at the Court,

There

* Camillo Querno was of Apulia. He was introduced as Buffoon to Leo the Tenth and afterwards by him preferred to the honor of the Laurel, and became the invariable attendant of his table and court.

There in your sphere assert the mimic cause,
 And gain the Courtier's and the Courts applause.
 There, with thy well-tuned brogue, and arch grimace,
 Dispel that gloom which haunts a Viceroy's face,
 Lampoon the blund'ring genius of the nation,
 And gain his royal English admiration,
 Commend his parts, his wit beyond compare,
 His taste in snuff, or judgment in a star,
 But more secure to prosper in your ends,
 Burlesque his *wisest*, safest, firmest friends ;
 Say Earsf—d's languid, Parn——l a mere fool,
 Langr—the insipid, and John Fost—r dull.
 Oh, while the fav'rite of the court you shine,
 The more laborious task of praise be mine.
 Say, shall an humble muse aspire to sing,
 How quaint, how droll you say the *oddest thing* ;
 Whether thy imitative powers are seen
 In mumbling Liff——rd, or loud Godfrey Gr——n ;
 Or, as H—wth's Earl, loud thund'ring from his coach ;
 Or, in the blund'ring Brogue of Sir Boyle R—che
 Whether you choose old R—wl—y's serious strain,
 Or ape Sir Harry H—rtst—ng's *Ouran Outang* vein ;
 Or these grown stale you take another turn,
 And now *George Faulkner* are, and now *O'Bern*.
 Oh, while you make each Irishman the test
 Of public ridicule and castle jest,
 Grieve not to think that stories will grow stale,
 That Churls will cane when Mimics will assail ;
 Hiss'd from the stage and hated by the town,
 Be bold and claim your title to renown,
 What tho' thy temples boast no laurel bough,
 A well paid pension shall adorn thy brow.
 Go, while life's spirits revel in your veins,
 And life with him who holds thy country's reins ;
 Teach him that science to the wise unknown,
 “ To laugh at all men's feelings but his own ;
 “ To waste his morns and precious afternoons,
 “ With spendthrifts, flatterers, jobbers and buffoons.
 Go and prolong his midnight scenes of drink,
 While Ireland's balance trembles on the brink

WHALLEY'S EMBARKATION.

TUNE. " *Rutland Gigg.*"

I.

One morning walking George's-quay,
A monstrous crowd stopp'd up the way,
Who came to see a fight so rare,
A fight that made all Dublin stare ;
 Balloons, a Vol. review,
 Ne'er gather'd such a crew,
 As there did take their stand
 This fight for to command.

Tol lol lol lol lol lol,

II.

BUCK WHALLEY lacking much some cash,
And being used to cut a dash,
He wager'd full Ten thousand Pound,
He'd visit soon the Holy Ground,
 IN LOFTUS's fine Ship,
 He said he'd take a trip,
 And *Castello* so fam'd,
 The Captain then was nam'd.

III.

From Park-street down thro' College-Green,
This grand Procession now was seen,
The BOXING CHAIRMEN first mov'd on,
To clear away the Blackguard throng ;
 Then WHALLEY debonair,
 March'd forward with his BEAR,
 And LAWLOR too was there,
 Which made LORD NAAS to stare.

IV.

Says LAWLOR, " *Whalley ! my dear friend,*
" *My sage advice to you I'll lend ;*
" *As you this bett will win no doubt,*
" *I'll shew you how to lay it out ;*

" And

“ And MOORE (a) that dirty whelp,
 “ I’m sure will lend a help,
 “ With *Box* and *Dice* my buck,
 “ We’ll all have charming luck.”

V.

Next HEYDON in her Vis-a-Vis,
 With Paint and Ribbons Smile and glee,
 As Aid de Camp close by her Side,
 LONG BOB (b) the *Turkey-Cock* did ride ;
 And GUILFORD’S Lord came next,
 Who seem’d extremely vext,
 To see the Lady’s Nob,
 So very close to *Bob*.

VI.

Then came French Valets two and two,
 By Garlick you’d have smelt the crew,
 And large as any Shetland Hog,
 Came *Watch* the black Newfoundland dog,
 A Swift bore in the train,
 A BABBOON with a chain,
 The strip’d Post-chaise came by
 With ZARA and with FLY. (c)

VII.

In Phaeton and Six high rear’d,
 DUDLEY LOFTUS next appear’d,
 A *Monkey* perch’d was by his side,
 Which look’d for all the world his bride ;
 POOR SINGLETON in black,
 Upon a dirty Hack,
 With heavy heart mov’d on,
 To see his friend begone.

VIII.

Against the Council WHALLEY went,
 Of brother-in-law FITZ-PETULANT,
 And Mr. FITZ. felt sorrow more
 Then when he went to fight with ORR ;

JOHN

(a) Earl of D.

(b) Uniacke.

(c) Two Lap-dogs.

JOHN WHALLEY his next heir,
 With streaming eyes was there,
 For fear his brother TOM,
 Should ne'er return home.

Tol lol lol lol to

IX.

And now behold upon the strand,
 This Cargo for the holy Land,
Bears, Lap-dogs, Monkeys, Frenchmen, Whores,
Bear-Leaders, and dependents poor ;

BLACK MARK, loung'd in this crew,
 (He'd nothing else to do)

PEG PLUNKET on her horse,
 Was surely there or course.

X.

His creditors poor men were there,
 And in their looks you'd see despair,
 For Bailiffs he car'd not a Loufe,
 Because you know "*he's in the House.*"

CUFF from the Barrack board,

Swore by *Great Temples Lord,*

This action to requite,

TOM shou'd be dubb'd a Knight.

XI.

There came along with JEMMY CUFF,
 As Commissaire ! SIR PADDY PUFF,
 BEN ARTHURE fam'd for bounty rare,
 (But that is neither here or there)

Sir King and Filly Ben

Are both hard *Eonest men,*

If cost them nought — and so,

They went to see the shew.

XII.

THE BOXING BISHOP — and at his back
 JACK COFFEE, alias *Paddy Whack,*
 His GRACE had come (long may he live)
 His Benediction for to give ;

Z

He

He trod, (tho' did not know)
 On NAPPER TANDY's toe,
 Who lent his Grace a clout,
 And so they box'd it out.

XIII.

Now all embarked this motley crew,
 Each minute less'ned to the view,
 And soon will plough the boistrous main,
Wealth, honour, and Renown to gain:
 Jerus'lems barren lands,
 And Egypts dreary sands,
 Like wand'ring Pilgrims roam,
 To bring much knowledge home.

XIV.

From Cork see TOM FITZ-GERALD steers,
 His boat now trim'd in its best geers,
 To give *Beau Whalley* an escort,
 And see him safely out of port,
 And in a Fishing Boat,
 A Stern was LUNDY FOOT,
 With all his penny boys,
 To make a roaring noise.

4 DE60

F. I. N. I. S.